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THE SPINNER.

BY S. R. W.

Two sat down in the morning time,
One to sing, and one to spin;
All men listened to the song sublime,
But no one listened to the dull wheel's din.

The spinner sat in a pleasant nook,
And sang of a life that was fair and sweet,
While the spinner sat, with a steadfast look,
Busily plying her hands and feet.

The singer sang on, with a rose in her hair,
All men listened to her sweet tone;
And the spinner spun on, with a wild despair
Down in her heart as she sat alone.

But lo! on the morrow no one said
Aught of the singer, of what she sang,
Men were saying, "Behold this thread!"
And loud the praise of the spinner rang.

The world has forgotten the singer's name—
Her rose is faded, her songs are old;
But far o'er the ocean the spinner's fame
Yet is emblazoned in lines of gold.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN BARDON stood bowing before the Lady Iris Fayne. No friendly hand was held out to him. The clear brilliant eyes had read his character in his face, and had given him exactly the place that he merited.

Then—and it was almost impossible to avoid it—came a slight pause—very slight, still long enough to make Lord Caledon uneasy, and he rushed into conversation with Mr. Bardon the elder.

Lady Iris resigned herself to her fate; the interview would last twenty minutes at least and she must endure it. Mrs. Bardon saved her the trouble of making conversation.

"You will go up to town of course this season, Lady Iris?" said the good woman as she unfastened her magnificent Indian shawl.

"I hope so, Mrs. Bardon," replied the clear sweet voice. "I look forward to it with pleasure."

That was something the millionnaire's wife could understand, and her face brightened.

"I will be bound you do." She stopped abruptly, for she saw her son's face darken with a frown, and she knew that she had made some mistake. "I mean, I am sure you do, Lady Iris. All young girls like plenty of frolic and fun."

O shades of the Faynes! "Frolic and fun" for that dainty young beauty, who had been aptly called that same morning "the queen of the lilies!" "Frolic and fun!"

The lovely face of Lady Iris grew slightly flushed—then a smile rippled over her lips. It was not worth while to be serious about it.

Mrs. Bardon, seeing the smile, fancied she was making a wonderful impression, and continued the subject boldly.

"'One touch of Nature,' they say, Lady Iris, 'makes the whole world akin.' I was just the same when I was young. I enjoyed dancing and parties. I like to see young creatures do the same. I often tell my Marie there that youth is the best time for enjoyment; but she is too quiet."

Lady Iris looked kindly at the girl who was too brave to be ashamed of her mother's want o' education."

"I am sure," she said, "that Miss Bardon looks very cheerful, and as though she could enjoy a dance."

There was a gentle, almost patient smile on the young girl's pleasant face as she answered:

"I do like dancing very much, Lady Iris. My dear mother is so animated herself that I must always seem quiet in her presence."

Lady Iris looked at her with admiration. She understood by instinct the simple, noble character of Marie Bardon. She had evidently set herself one duty in life, and it was to show all possible respect and affection for her parents. A great struggle had often taken place in the young girl's heart. She was well educated and refined—a lady by instinct—and the mother's vulgarity at times was torture to her, but she never betrayed it—indeed the respect paid to the millionnaire and his wife was simply the result of their daughter's good example.

Mrs. Bardon grew more confident. Lady Iris liked dancing, and she had it in her power to gratify her taste.

"We have a very fine ball-room at Hyne Court," she remarked. "I forget the measurement, but it is one of the finest in England, I believe. I said to Mr. B., 'Let us have a good room where the young people can enjoy themselves and swing about!'"

"Certainly," said Lady Iris, the idea of "swinging about" being quite novel to her.

"Now, as your ladyship is really fond of dancing," continued Mrs. Bardon, "and as we have such a fine ball-room, I should be glad if you would honor us. I can soon arrange for a ball!"

Of course the invitation was ill-timed, and Marie knew it. In that moment Lady Iris did homage to the noble character of the girl whose eyes met hers with a calm steady gaze. If there was the faintest gleam of amusement in Lady Iris's face, it died before that steady look.

"My mother means kindly," said Marie Bardon. "Her only thought is to give you pleasure."

"I am sure of it," answered Lady Iris cordially, her heart warming to the loyal girl; "and I quite appreciate the intention. I regret that it cannot be carried out—at least so far as I am concerned. We go up to London in three weeks, and I cannot make any more engagements."

"Well, you will perhaps honor us at some other time, Lady Iris!" said Mrs Bardon. "I shall not go up to town—country life suits me and my husband best—but my son and daughter will be enjoying themselves there. I hope they will meet you sometimes and I hope that, when your ladyship returns to Chandos, we shall see plenty of you. I always say there is nothing like bringing young people together."

Again came a faint gleam of amusement into the brilliant violet eyes, and again the steady gaze of the dark eyes seemed to check it.

"My mother is always an advocate for geniality," said the quiet voice. "She is never so happy as when she is trying to make others happy."

And again the Earl's proud daughter did homage to the simple sterling nature.

Lady Iris merely answered by a bow. She could not commit herself to a promise of any great degree of intimacy with a person like Mrs Bardon.

But at this juncture John Bardon broke into the conversation—he could not endure it any longer. He was exasperated to the highest degree. It seemed to him that his mother had exceeded herself in the way of vulgarity, and had made herself ridiculous before this proud young beauty whom he had resolved to woo and win. He could not keep silent another moment; he must interrupt the conversation, even at the risk of being considered rude and abrupt. He tried to smile and look amiable.

"My dear mother, ladies expect a monopoly; but you are hardly kind to engross Lady Iris's entire attention."

Mrs. Bardon was in a flutter of delight—she generally was when her son noticed her.

Lady Iris replied quickly to the tone rather than the words.

"I generally give my entire attention where I am interested," she said.

John Bardon felt rather than understood that there was some latent meaning in the words. How beautiful she was—how refined, how different from other girls! He looked at her with intense admiration.

"I do not believe," he said to himself, "that there is another girl like her—no, not one."

Lady Iris thought she had been slightly abrupt; so she turned to him with a smile, and asked—

"How do you like the county, Mr. Bardon?"

"I think it the most beautiful one in England!" he cried; and she laughed at his enthusiasm.

"That is great praise," she said. "You certainly have the best estate in the county. Hyne Court is more beautiful than any other that I know."

Lady Iris's words unfortunately caught the millionnaire's ears, and he crossed the room in order to join in the conversation, while his son wished him at the antipodes.

"I am proud to hear what you say about Hyne Court, Lady Iris. It is a beautiful place; and it will be more beautiful still when your ladyship deigns to visit it."

The Earl winced, not knowing how his proud daughter would take the very broad compliment. She was disarmed by a glance at Marie's face, and answered—

"That is a very pretty compliment, Mr. Bardon, and one that I shall not soon forget."

"I know how to talk to the ladies, my lord, you see! Ah, Mrs. Bardon, you could tell tales; but you will not!"

"This is the last time I shall join my family in paying visits," said the son to himself; while Marie thought that if she could help it her parents should never go out to pay calls without her.

Good Mrs. Bardon rushed once more to the breach.

"I am very delighted that you think Hyne Court pretty, Lady Iris, you have no time for ball-engagements, perhaps you would do us the honor of driving and looking round. We have made many improvements. We have the finest—really the finest conservatories in the county."

"I have spared no expense," laughed the millionnaire. "I have built my conservatories, I may almost say, by the mile."

The Earl started, and Lady Iris smiled.

"I honestly believe," said John Bardon to himself, chafing with rage, "that my family come out only to make themselves ridiculous."

"Will you decide upon a day, Lady Iris, and just drive over in a friendly way? It will make us all very happy, I am sure," said Mrs Bardon; and again the expression on Marie's patient face kept Lady Iris from laughing.

"I must not make any promises until our London journey is settled, Mrs. Bardon," she answered; "but I thank you for the kindness which prompted the invitation."

The Earl and his daughter glanced at each other; surely they had had enough of the visitors.

John Bardon was not satisfied. Lady Iris had talked easily and kindly to his mother and sister, but she had said little to him. He must make one more desperate effort to attract her attention.

"Do you like riding, Lady Iris?" he asked. "Do you ride much?"

"Yes, I ride every day," she replied; "it is my favorite pastime."

As he heard the words, the heir of Hyne Court resolved that at any cost he would contrive to meet Lady Iris pretty frequently out of doors. Then he could think of nothing else to say. He tried to call up some original idea, to think of some pretty compliment, but in vain.

"I must read up," he said to himself; "I seem to know nothing. If I were one of those self-contained aristocrats, I should have found plenty to say."

He thought once that he might venture to ask Lady Iris if she liked drawing; but then he fancied that it would seem as though the whole family had resolved on discovering the extent of her accomplishments; so he, usually so dauntless, could only sit looking at her, and wish with an impotent rage that he had the ease and the polished elegance that seemed to come naturally to men of good birth. Finding that he had nothing more to say, that every idea which came to him was more or less absurd, he thought it best to make some move towards departure.

He rose from his chair: and the Earl, remembering that he had hardly exchanged a word with the heir of Hyne Court addressed some observations to him. That gave him time to recover himself. He stood talking to Lord Caledon, glancing occasionally towards Lady Iris. He bit his lip as he noticed the difference between his mother, his sister, and this daughter of a noble house. Money had purchased everything else for him and his; but it could not buy that inimitable high bred grace, that easy dignity. He sighed deeply, and came back from his reverie to find that the Earl was looking at him curiously, and that a dead silence reigned in the room.

"We are waiting for you John," said the calm voice of Marie Bardon.

He stammered something like an apology, and they began to say "farewell."

Marie was quiet and collected; but John Bardon was dazed and bewildered with the loveliness of the Earl of Chandos's fair daughter.

"Held with honor." He could not help repeating the words to himself as he watched her. She would hold any man's heart, love, and life with honor.

"She shall so hold mine," he said to himself. "I swear it! The day shall come when she, with her peerless beauty and her noble name, shall be mine. I swear it! And let the man who comes between us look to himself!"

"Good morning, Mr. Bardon," a sweet voice was saying to him; and again it seemed as though he had returned from another world.

Lady Iris was looking at him with a smile, and that smile sent the blood coursing through his veins.

Love came that same morning to Sir Fulke Clyffarde as a beautiful dreamy revelation of poetry and romance; it came to John Bardon as a burning fever. He had not been many minutes in Lady Iris's presence before he felt that he would rather kill her with his own hand than to see her married to any other man.

John Bardon did not seem to recover himself until he was once more seated in the magnificent carriage which was one of the millionnaire's boasts; and then, just as Lady Clyffarde had turned to her son, Mrs. Bardon turned now to hers.

"John," she said, "the very desire of my heart is that you should marry Lady Iris."

He laughed a bitter laugh.

"Is it, mother? I am afraid it will be like many other desires—quite vain."

"Don't you like her, John?" asked his father, bluntly.

"Yes, I like her," he answered, wondering that he had the power so to control himself and his words. "No one could help liking her."

"You should have a little more spirit, John," observed Mr. Bardon, senior. "Women like flattery and compliments and all that kind of thing. I used to flatter your mother here by the hour together. You saw how pleased Lady Iris was with my little compliment. Why did you not try something of that kind yourself?"

John turned away with a groan. How was it possible to make his parents understand?

"Marie," he said, a few hours afterwards, as he sat with his sister in the gorgeous dining room at Hyne Court, "women are quicker at taking notes than men. What do you think of Lady Iris?"

"That she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, John, but, at the same time, one of the proudest."

"What do you think she is proud of?" he asked.

She was silent for a few moments; and then she answered slowly:

"Of her birth and name, John."

"I suppose," he said bitterly, "that in her eyes we are little better than nobodies. Gold does not gild us. Would to Heaven I had been born noble rather than rich!"

"How you grieve me when you speak so, John!" cried Marie earnestly. "Every man may make himself noble by living nobly; and no man has it in his power to lead a higher life than you can.

"All the nobility I could win would not

tempt her," he said. "When she marries she will want a name as distinguished as her own."

"A good name is a grand name, and the patent comes from Heaven," said Marie; but he answered never a word.

* * * * *

"If that be county society, papa; let us hasten to town," said Lady Iris. "Yet, do you know. I have a vague feeling of pity for them all. The millionnaire himself is a vulgar boasting man; but there is something in his good nature that redeems him. His wife is dreadful; but her loyal devoted daughter is such a shield that one cannot even laugh at the mother. However vulgar or absurd she may be, I could not laugh at her, because her daughter loves her so."

"I admire Miss Bardon," said Lord Caledon; "she has a noble and true nature. What do you think of the heir of Hyne Court?"

"I like him the least of all," she replied; "and yet I think I am very sorry for him."

"That is a paradox, Iris."

"It it, papa? I am not quite sure that I know what a paradox is. He seems to me like a man who is fighting with himself, discontented, and uncertain. He is in a transition state, I suppose. Papa, I am beginning to think that it is fate or chance that gives wealth."

"My dear Iris, you must not say anything of that kind!" cried the Earl.

"I cannot help it. Riches seem to reach such strange hands."

"You must not forget that we see only with human eyes, and can bring only human judgment to bear on matters. It is impossible for anyone to tell whether wealth is wisely bestowed or not. I believe that it is for some wise purpose that one man is made rich and another man made poor."

"Well, I will believe whatever you believe, papa," she answered, with simple reverence. "All the same, it does seem strange that people like the Bardons should hold such enormous wealth in their hands."

"They do not make a bad use of it, my dear," said the Earl kindly; "and as I have always told you, money is power."

"Power only when it is held with honor, papa," she rejoined; and he kissed her thoughtful face as he said:

"You are right, dear Iris—as you often are."

So it came to pass that before the young heiress of Chandos had been long at home two men were ready to die for her, ready to slay each other for love of her, hating each other with fierce mad hatred, yet trying to appear as indifferent about the whole matter as possible.

Sir Fulke Clyffarde had the best of the situation. He could call almost daily at Chandos; his mother, knowing that such errands delighted him, was always finding some excuses for asking him to go thither. His chance of seeing Lady Iris were very frequent—and John Bardon knew it. Time after time he met his rival either riding, or driving, or walking to Chandos; and, if looks could have slain, the handsome young Baronet would never have seen Lady Iris again.

They met and passed each other with a sullen glare; each had discovered, as though by instinct, the secret of the other, although no words had ever been exchanged between them.

Sir Fulke, in spite of his opportunities, did not make much progress in his wooing. His fine speeches and poetical raptures fell rather flat. They never made any lasting impression on Lady Iris. Sometimes she would laugh and say, "You are a little more high flown than usual to-day, Sir Fulke," or she would, by a graceful and imperious gesture, signify that she was tired.

Tired! Why, Violet Blakewell had said often and often that she could listen to him, either reading or reciting, forever; and yet after a few minutes Lady Iris would repeatedly declare that she was tired!

"I wish," he said one day very humbly, "that I knew how to interest you. You seem quite fatigued when I have talked to you for a little while."

"Not always, Sir Fulke," she answered, gently. "That is only when the conversation is of yourself. Talk to me of something else, and you will not find me indifferent."

That was the first direct attack ever made on his self-love, and it bewildered him.

"Am I then the only subject upon which you are indifferent?" he asked.

"Do you not think it possible to have too much even of a good thing? I do. Talk to me now of some topic of general interest and see if I tire."

He looked at her in such amazement that she laughed, and it was the prettiest laugh he had ever heard.

"Other ladies seem to like me best when I speak of myself," he said simply. "Miss Blakewell always says, 'Tell me something of yourself, Sir Fulke; nothing interests me one-half so much as your own adventures.'"

"And do you believe her?" asked Lady Iris.

He looked even more astonished.

"Most certainly I do. Why should I not, Lady Iris."

"Do you think everything belonging to yourself is really of such great interest that people can enjoy listening hour after hour to you and not grow tired?"

"I should say that those who take an interest in me can," he answered, a little crestfallen.

"Miss Violet Blakewell should be grateful for the inference," said Lady Iris coldly.

"I do not mean that. I did not intend to insinuate anything of the kind. I do not suppose that Miss Violet takes any interest in me; nor do I wish her to do so. One forgets the modest little violets when the queenly rose is near. Ah, if that same queenly rose would but bend her proud beautiful head to me!"

She turned from him without a word; her proud nature revolted always against his flowery compliments. She never answered them, never affected even to hear them; and that was why he considered that he had made no progress in his wooing. On account of their childish friendship, and because his mother was her best-loved friend, Lady Iris had a kindly, tolerant affection for him which was quite fatal to love. Still he had been so utterly spoiled that he could never believe it possible that, if he really asked her to be his wife, she would say "No."

"She is just the girl," said his mother to him one day, "to form some romantic attachment. Why should it not be to you, Fulke?"

"Perhaps I am not romantic enough to please her. She says I talk too much of myself."

"Then talk less of yourself for the future," cried Lady Clyffarde impatiently. "No girl would tolerate a lover whose conversation began and ended with 'I.'"

"I often think, mother," said Sir Fulke gravely, "that she will never love an ordinary man. She wants a hero of some kind."

"Be a hero yourself then," replied his mother. "It is easy enough."

But even she laughed at the trouble look that came over his handsome face.

"I really do not know how to be a hero. If anybody's child fell into the water, I would try to rescue it, or, if a house were on fire, I would do my best to save the occupants of it. That is all the heroes in books ever do."

"Be a hero out of a book, Fulke! You have plenty of courage and spirit: do something to distinguish yourself. I am sure I am right about Lady Iris; she will love some one quite out of the common groove. Think how many men have admired her—men who are all alike. The first one who has a marked individuality will be the one she will love—remember my words!"

Sir Fulke bent his handsome head.

"I assure you, mother, I am equal to anything in the way of heroism, if you can only suggest to me what to do."

"From my knowledge of her," said Lady Clyffarde, "I feel certain that she will never marry unless she forms some romantic attachment; and I see no one more capable of inspiring one than you, Fulke."

"I quite agree with you, mother," he replied, with such simple earnestness that she laughed in spite of herself. "The worst of it is that nothing heroic ever comes in my way. If her horse ran away with her, I would risk my life to save hers. But then it never does run away; and if it did, the groom would be there to share the glory. There is no chance for heroism in the nineteenth century."

"That is nonsense, Fulke; while women live and men love there will always be heroes."

For the remainder of that day Sir Fulke puzzled himself as to what kind of heroism he should cultivate, and how he should show it.

No such peaceful thoughts occupied his rival's mind. John Bardon had been seized by the fever of love in its fiercest form; it drove him beside himself. There were times when he spent the whole day in riding along the high-roads and lanes, hoping to meet Lady Iris.

At times fate was kind to him: and in the distance he would see the perfect figure and exquisite face. He had not always the courage to go and meet her. When his heart failed him, he would watch her until she was out of sight, hating himself for his cowardice, crying out with feverish lips that he was a coward and a simpleton, loathing himself because he did not ride up boldly to her and force a smile of welcome from her.

When his courage was high, and the desperate fever urged him on, he would gallop at full speed, and then pull up hurriedly as though he had but just seen her. Sometimes, after weary hours of watching he would win a smile for his pains, or it might be a few careless kindly words; and, when that happened, he would ride off like one bewildered. A kind word from her would make him happy for hours. He had a thousand faults; was of a coarse undisciplined nature; but he loved Lady Iris Fayne with his whole heart, and her power over him might or not make a good man of him.

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"I never see an orchid, Fulke, without thinking of Iris Fayne," said Lady Clyffarde. "Have you done anything to win a flower yet?"

"No," he replied gloomily; "and I begin to think I never shall. I shall grow desperate soon, and come out in some new character—'Tribune of the people,' or something of that kind."

On the same day Mrs. Bardon asked her son if he had thought any more of what she had said about Lady Iris.

"I have thought too much of it for my peace of mind," he replied. "I wish with all my heart I had never seen Lady Iris."

The millionaire's wife smiled to herself. It was quite evident, she decided, that her son was in love with the lady.

But Marie, his sister, was wiser. One clear spring evening, when the lamps were lighted, she showed him a moth that would linger round one of them.

"It will be burned to death, John," she said, "you understand—to death!"

"Better death than to live maimed," he replied.

Then she knew that his case was hopeless indeed.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR FULKE was, as his rival called him, a white handed aristocrat, handsome, with a Saxon style of comeliness that is in its way unequalled. His hair seemed to have caught the sunshine, his gray eyes were frank and clear, and round his sensitive mouth drooped a fair moustache.

John Bardon was dark and strong built. What was most noticeable in him was his great vitality. He was almost terribly in earnest with everything. Now that this fierce passion had taken hold of him he was no longer the same man. He was eager to win honors, to make himself famous, to do anything to attract Lady Iris's attention to him, anything which should win her admiration. So desperate was his infatuation that he would far rather have drawn her attention to him by a crime than that she should ignore him altogether. He vowed that he would either win her or kill her. She should be won by no other man.

Would military glory touch her? He could not join the Army, for his father needed him at home; nor did he wish to leave the neighborhood in which she dwelt. But he had been very much struck with the uniform of the Eastshire Yeomanry; and he had heard that ladies liked a handsome uniform. He determined therefore to join the regiment at once, if there was a vacancy. Fortunately one of the cornets had just resigned, so John Bardon took his place.

Sir Fulke Clyffarde was greatly amused when he met John Bardon resplendent in full regimentals.

"Good morning, Mr. Bardon," said Sir Fulke in his cheery voice—"playing at soldiers?"

"I never play at anything, Sir Fulke, as you will know some day," he replied savagely.

"I shall never know it," said Sir Fulke scornfully; "it does not concern me. Why not do the real thing—join the army, and endeavor to distinguish yourself in Afghanistan?"

"Thank you. I have something more important to do nearer home," answered Mr Bardon.

As he said the words, it struck Sir Fulke that the "something more important nearer home" meant the winning of Lady Iris. His fair Saxon face flushed hotly. Did this low born fellow dare to think the peerless beauty would stoop to him? His future wealth would not weigh with her—she who looked for heroism in the man she loved. An expression of intense scorn came over his face.

"Take care you do not aim too high," he said significantly.

Sir Fulke rode on with rage in his heart. He recalled his mother's words—that Lady Iris would be sure to marry some one out of the common groove. John Bardon was certainly different from other men, although every good quality that he might possess was more or less marred by his want of refinement. There were women—and Sir Fulke knew it—who would prefer John Bardon and his wealth to his own high birth and noble lineage, who would find more to admire in John Bardon than in him.

Sir Fulke realized now how much he loved Lady Iris, and he saw that the happiness of his whole life depended upon her. He had left Clyffe Hall to ride to King's Forest; but both business and pleasure vanished from his mind. He must know if there was any foundation for his suspicions.

He changed the direction of his ride at once, and went to Chandos. He knew that he dared not break into Lady Iris's presence with an abrupt question on his lips; he would have to wait patiently until he could introduce the subject. The Earl's daughter had to be approached with caution.

He found her alone, finishing a spirited sketch of a magnificent cedar-tree.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An old couple were walking down street the other day reading signs, when they ran across one which the old man read: "Johnson's Shirt Store." "Well, I declare," exclaimed the old lady, "I wonder how he tore it."

ODD TESTS.

SOME people are never satisfied, however fortunate they are. A nurse-maid in the service of an English family in Russia left her place to get married, but had not been long wedded ere she complained to the magistrate of the district in which she was domiciled, that her husband did not love her as he should do; and on the official inquiring how she knew it, replied: "Because he never whips me." Doubtless the disappointed one meant what she said, but she might have changed her note had her desire been gratified; like the young wife suddenly bereaved of a rich old husband, who refused to believe her dear partner could be so cruel as to leave her, crying out: "He's alive, doctor; I'm sure he's alive; tell me, don't you think so?" This piteous appeal the physician met by suggesting the application of a galvanic shock, and offering to apply the apparatus. "Oh, no, no!" exclaimed the grief stricken widow; "hard as it is to bear my loss, I will have no experiments against the law of nature; let him rest in peace!"

When it is desirable to put any one to test, there is nothing like doing so without warning. An actor fond of playing practical jokes at the expense of "utility" men, heard that one of them—his particular aversion—had boasted that if any trick was played upon him he would turn the tables in a way that would astonish the actor. The latter, of course, resolved to test the boaster's readiness on the first opportunity. He did not have to wait long for the chance. One night, when the house was crowded, the carpenters failed to get a set scene ready in time, and a "dead stick" ensued.

Knowing his man, the stage manager entreated the joke loving actor to go on and "gag" for a few minutes. "Certainly," replied he; and seeing the utility man at the wing, he seized him by the wrist and, spite of resistance, dragged him to the centre of the stage, and said: "Your sister, then, has been betrayed. Tell me the story!" The frightened fellow had no story to tell to the crafty joker's delight. Whether the audience in front and the manager behind were equally pleased, the record saith not.

A once famous Maori chief, adopted a shrewd method of deciding which of his two sons should succeed him. As they stood before him as he lay sick unto death he suddenly addressed himself to the elder, saying: "Shortland take down that gun and shoot the white man standing outside the hut." The youth was about to obey the order readily enough, when his brother intervened with: "Why should you kill the man? what harm has he done to us?" Then said the old chief: "You, that is right. You have what is wanted—sense and discretion. You will take my place when I am going." And so the succession was settled.

A traveler says that a blind man might tell the different denominations of Russian notes by using his nose to determine their value; the rule being the lower the value the "louder" the smell. A hundred-ruble note smells of jockey-club, or some equally fashionable perfume; while the single rouble-note usually reeks of tallow or coarse tobacco.

To be Unhappy.—In the first place if you want to make yourself miserable be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your things. Don't care about anything else. Have no feelings for any but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them, and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things snap at them like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you put the worst construction upon their conduct. M. S.

Carlyle once asked a student what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden lightning flash in the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and have it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

A leading New York paper thinks that a society to help the wives of drunkards to procure damages from dealers who sell the liquor, is the thing now needed.

Our New Premiums.

Some of our readers seem to think our Diamante Brilliants can be obtained for 19 cents; some, more generous, send us 57 cents; and others are under the impression that they are entitled to a ring, a pair of earrings, or a stud, and the Post one year for $2.00. If our friends knew the real value of these Premiums, they would gladly accept our very reasonable terms. Any one of the new Premiums costs us more in actual cash than 53 copies of the Post. Please don't forget this, and you will save us no end of trouble.

For $2.00 and 19 three-cent stamps we send by Registered Mail any one of the Premiums and extend your present subscription one year, or send the paper one year to any address you desire. For a club of two subscribers one year, at $2.00 each, we give the sender any one of the Premiums; for $6.00 any two Premiums, and three yearly subscriptions; and for $8.00 all three Premiums and four subscriptions. We could sell any of the Diamante Brilliants readily for $5.00 without the Post, for similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5.00 to $15.00 each.

These Premiums positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Orawa, Iowa, March 28, 1881.

Editors Post.—Your premium ring duly received. I am very much pleased with it. Compared it with a diamond ring that cost $75, and bystanders pronounced in favor of "yours." I would not take $10 for it. Long live the Post. A. B. V.

Bedford, Livingston Co., Mo., March 5, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—Your ring received. Am well pleased with it. A perfect fit, and fully found as you represented. A. A. N., M. D.

Norvell, Mich., March 30, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—The ring you sent as a premium is far nicer than I anticipated, for which accept my thanks. The paper, also, I like better than any other of the kind I take. Mrs. Dr. H.

Greensburg, La., March 22, 1881.

Editor Post:—I received the earrings in due time, and am well pleased with them. They could not be bought from the owner for five times the cost. It is needless to say that the Post is solid. May she remain as a century. J. S. D.

Mabanda, Ill., March 28, 1881.

Editors Post:—I have been a subscriber to the Post for more than thirty years, and have had several premiums, all of them beautiful and useful; but the earrings, for beauty and value, far surpass any of them. A paper like the Post, and a premium like the earrings are not often secured together. Long may the Post live to bring comfort to its many readers. S. P. L.

Hornellsville, N. Y. March 29, 1881.

Dear Post:—Paper and premium received. As to the paper, its pages are its best praises. Those who have read them feel lonesome without them. But the ring is a beauty, exceeding your recommendation and my anticipation as to its brilliant beauty. It is admired by all that have seen it, and were I disposed to part with it, could readily do so for $8. More anon. S. A.

Florida, N. Y., March 26, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—Received the premium ring and am much pleased with it. It is all that you represent it to be, and far surpassed my expectations. G. T. W.

York, Pa., March 21, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—Premium received to-day. Accept thanks. It is beautiful. More than I looked for. Showed it to several of my friends, and they would not believe it. Will do all I can for you. Receive the paper regular, and would not do without it. I think your premium far surpasses anything ever offered to the public. Sergt. Wm. H. K.

Linville, Va., March 21, 1881.

Gentlemen:—Your premium Diamante ring received. It's a perfect beauty, and I am highly pleased with it. Undoubtedly the grandest premium ever offered by any publisher. Long live the Post. S. H. B.

Mauch Chunk, Pa., March 21, 1881.

Gentlemen:—Your premium was duly received. The earrings are just lovely. They far exceed my expectations. Many thanks. I consider your paper one of the best published. I would not be without it. O. L.

Freeland, Ind., March 27, 1881.

Sir:—I received my Diamante Brilliant ring. It comes up to my expectation, and I can honestly say it is a handsome ring and fully as good as you represent. J. B., Jr.

Somerset, Pa., Feb. 28, 1881.

Gentlemen:—Premium received, and gives satisfaction in every respect. It is even better than I expected. I will do my best for the Post. F. K. C.

Loch Leven, Va., March 28, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—Premium ring received. It is a beauty. Could sell it readily for five dollars. G. M. I.

Tampa, Fla., March 29, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I return my thanks for your beautiful premium. I think they are fully as good as represented. H. T. M.

Woonsocket, R. I., April 2, 1881.

Editor Post:—Premium was perfectly satisfactory, and will try to help along the good cause. A. M. H.

Lockport, N. Y. March 11, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium was duly received, and we were more than satisfied with it. We consider it a beautiful present. E. J. C.

Wells River, Vt., March 30, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—Your elegant premium is received, and I am very much pleased with it. I will do all I can to secure subscribers for your valuable paper. J. F. McG.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books. Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom Street, Philada.

His Revenge.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IT was a balmy spring evening.

The residence of Allan Carlisle, the banker, fitly corresponded to the surroundings; broad, luxuriant parterres of flowers encircled the house, while the rooms beyond were adorned with all the splendor which wealth could furnish.

In one of these rooms sat a beautiful young girl, whose thoughts were in strange discord to the enchanting scene without. She sat, gazing mechanically out on the clear evening, with a weary, yet almost defiant, look upon her face.

This was the eve before her wedding.

Lucille Moore had been left an orphan at an early age, and her mother's sister, fascinated by her delicate beauty, thought she would be a fitting ornament for her beautiful home, and adopted her. She had given her niece as much love as was possible for one possessing her cold, worldly nature. Proud and aristocratic, Helen Carlisle looked upon wealth and station as the only things worth attaining.

But over the influential banking house of Carlisle & Co. hung the cloud of ruin, which would surely have descended had not pecuniary assistance been afforded. The gifted and wealthy Raymond Harcourt had come to the rescue, at the same time asking but the hand of Lucille in return.

Strange as it may seem, it was not love that prompted this request, he having only met Lucille a few times during the previous season, but pique. He had been deeply charmed with May Chester, and the fashionable world looked forward to the announcement of their engagement; but another and wealthier suitor appeared upon the field, a millionaire fast verging on threescore years and ten, and May immediately and promptly accepted him.

This rude awakening from his love fancy had no outward effect upon Raymond except to render him a trifle more cynical. He sought to be revenged upon May, whose wedding was to take place in the early autumn. The financial embarrassment of Allan Carlisle furnished him the means of so doing, which he seized with avidity. He furnished the desired relief, and was the accepted suitor of Lucille.

* * * * *

The ceremony was over. They were not to go upon the usual wedding tour, and now the carriage, with its fretted roans, its maroon blue livery, halted before the elegant mansion that Raymond had prepared for his bride. Lucille glanced curiously at the elegance surrounding her. Her cheeks flushed, that had been so pale an hour before, as her husband entered the room; he advanced gracefully, and, taking her hand, raised it to his lips.

"Permit me to welcome you to your home. I trust it will find favor in your eyes."

Lucille bowed, and coldly thanking him retired to her room.

He stood where she left him, with his arm resting lightly on the mantelpiece, and his handsome face wore a look of annoyance.

"By Jove! What a magnificent woman! As far above May Chester as the heavens are above earth. What a calm look of scorn lay in the depths of her beautiful eyes! Lucille—already his lips lingered tenderly over the name—I have done you a deeper wrong than I ever can efface, by linking your life to one you do not love." And this admission caused him a twinge of pain that he would have laughed at but a few hours before.

Lucille sat in her dainty, violet dressing room, with her long hair unbound, clasping her slender fingers, on one of which glittered the costly diamond which signified her wedding troth. She thought of the occurrences of the evening and sighed.

"Oh that we could be tiv to each other's society. I almost think——"

Here she abruptly checked the words rising to her lips and rang for her maid to dress her hair for the night.

* * * * *

The days and weeks flew by, through the hot, sultry summer, with its soft, dreamy languor, its blazing heated days, its still, moonlit nights, into the damp, yellow autumn.

Lucille Harcourt had accepted, with a graceful ease, her position, which her attainments amply qualified her to fill. She presided over the mansion of which she was mistress, scrupulously fulfilling every requirement. While Raymond had grown to love his beautiful wife passionately.

His love burned the more fiercely by reason of its rigid supression; for Raymond dreaded the scorn which he thought would flash in his wife's superb eyes had he shown any sign of his love; at the mere touch of her garments a delicious thrill rushed through his veins and filled his heart. He escorted her to the balls and receptions where she reigned a belle, and Lucille never dreamed that the cold, stately man at her side loved her so passionately. She proudly repressed and tried to ignore the love towards her husband that had come to fill her own heart, deeming it a weakness to acknowledge a passion which she thought was unreciprocated.

"We have received cards for May Chester's wedding," said Lucille to her husband one evening.

"Have we?" indifferently responded her husband. And Lucille, in the solitude of her room, thought bitterly, "How well he hides his feelings under the mask of indifference. Heaven help me to crush out the love that is in my heart!" And the sweet mouth quivered as she passionately clasped her little white hands.

* * * * *

It was May Chester's wedding day; and Ray Harcourt stood in the library awaiting his wife. The door opened, and Lucille advanced, Ray felt a pride as he gazed on her. She looked so sweet and beautiful that Raymond, as he led her to the carriage in waiting, could with difficulty refrain from clasping her to his heart.

Mr. Chester's residence was ablaze with light as Lucille and her husband entered the well-fitted rooms. Lucille looked up into her husband's eyes with a cold smile.

"Your revenge has been sweet, Mr. Harcourt!"

A quick change passed over his face, and he unconsciously clasped his hand tightly over the soft, white one that rested lightly on his arm as he replied:

"My revenge has been bitter as death, Lucille!"

Lucille looked up in surprise. But it was in order for them to offer their congratulations to the newly wedded couple, and her husband had regained his accustomed manner.

Later in the evening, as Lucille was resting alone in the shadow of the heavy curtains of the arched window that opened into the conservatory, the voice that had the deepest power to thrill her broke upon her ear.

"Yes, Allston," he was saying to his friend, Allston Hyde, and his voice had a ring of pain in it, "I intend going to the Continent; my arrangements are completed, and I leave to-morrow. I can endure the cold scorn in my wife's eyes no longer; I shall forget prudence, and declare my passion; to leave is my only safeguard; to go from the sight of her beautiful, cold face, which is daily maddening me. I love her with a love beside which my fancy for that insane piece of insipidity"—looking over, as he spoke at May Chhester's childish face—"is as the heat of the sun's rays, to the mild light of the moon."

"Have you spoken of your love? Have you no hope that your wife may love you in return?"

"None. Would that I had! Her proud, sweet nature rebelled at the manner of her marriage——"

Here the speaker passed beyond Lucille's hearing. A great joy filled her whole being as she rose and wended her way to the dressing room.

That night, as Raymond Harcourt fastened the cloak around his wife's neck, he was startled by her looks; a happy, joyous light had replaced the cold indifference; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled, her whole face seemed transformed.

"Is my wife so very happy to-night?" he asked.

"So happy that the wealth of the universe could not purchase my joy!"

At this moment their carriage was announced, and prevented his replying.

Lucille had changed her evening dress for a soft, clinging robe of cachemire, trimmed with swans' down; very sweet and lovely she looked as she stole to the library, where her husband sat writing his farewell. At sight of him her forced composure gave way, and she passionately cried:

"Oh, Raymond, do not leave me! I cannot live without you!" And she hid her face and sobbed aloud.

Raymond hurriedly arose, and his strong frame shook with emotion.

"Lucille, can it be that you love me? Speak, darling, and end my suspense!" And he crossed over to his wife, and wound his arms gently around her. "Tell me, my wife! do you love me?"

The delicate face sank lower and lower, till it rested on his breast, while the sweet lips tremblingly answered:

"Yes, I love you, Ray!"

"My own darling!" And Raymond clasped his wife closely to his heart. "Forgive me, darling, for marrying you with the motive that actuated me, Lucille," and his lips sought hers. "I did not think then that I was gaining the one treasure that is dearer than life to me."

Raymond Harcourt did not leave for the Continent the next day, as he had intended.

APRIL FOOL.—In Italy and France our word "April fool" is translated "April fish." This has a sort of meaning in the latter country from the fact that the confectioners' windows are decorated with sugar models of the various denizens of the deep, from the oyster, ensconced in his shell, to the scaly mullet and the glistening eel, all such lifelike counterfeits that they might make an April fool of a pelican, how much more easily of the unwary human being these sugar fish are intended to delude.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

EATING BOOKS.—The Tartars, who eat books in order that they may "inwardly digest" and master their contents, cannot be called the friends of literature. When Pope Urban V. was young the Duke of Milan made him eat an apostolic letter of Pope Innocent IV. The author of a book abusing things Swedish in 1643, a large quarto, was given the choice of being decapitated or of eating his own book. He chose the latter, in soup. A libelist was compelled by one of the Dukes of Saxony to eat his own libels.

IMAGINATION AND DISEASE.—The influence of the imagination in the simulation of disease has often been proved. It was in France, we believe, that an experiment was made upon a soldier, who, being condemned to die for some infraction of military discipline, was handed over to the scientists as a living subject. He was placed in a hospital, and told that all around him were patients suffering from small-pox. Although this was not true, the man was soon taken violently sick, and displayed every symptom of the disease.

ORIGIN OF LIFE INSURANCE.—It was in 1706 that the first English life insurance office, the Amicable, commenced business amidst many prophecies of failure and loud denunciations that it was flying in the face of Providence. Its plan was to insure all, the young and the old, the sick and the sound, at one uniform rate, and it succeeded. Other offices soon followed in England and in other parts of Europe; but the French first decreed it unlawful, "because it is an offence against public decency to set a price upon the life of a fellow creature." Insurances of houses and goods against fire began in 1667, the year following the great fire of London.

BURNING THE HEART.—There is a comparatively unknown New England superstition of quick consumption. By some strange aberration of the ordinary laws of dissolution, the heart is supposed to retain its vitality after death, and lives in its coffin, drawing, by some weird, sympathetic influence, its support from the vitality of some living relative, who wastes into the grave by consumption in consequence of having to sustain two vitalities instead of one; and thus, whole families drop off one after another, with singular regularity of interval. The remedy is to take up the body of the dead, and burn the organ supposed to exercise the deadly function; and old legends are afloat of instances in which the remedy has been successfully tried.

ABOUT INFANTS.—According to an old notion, a new born infant should be laid first in the arms of a maiden before any one touches it; and in some places the infant's right hand is left unwashed in order that he might gather riches. It is, too, considered very important by many that an infant should go up in the world before it goes down. Thus, if a child should be born in the top story of a house, for want of a flight of stairs one of the gossips will take it in her arms and mount a table, chair, or chest of drawers, before she carries it down stairs. In the north of England, when an infant for the first time goes out of the house, it is presented with an egg, some salt, a little loaf of bread—these gifts being supposed to insure that the child shall never stand in need of the common necessaries of life.

CAUSES OF SUICIDE.—People have been led to commit suicide by various causes. Many a young man has killed himself in despair because a girl has jilted him. Not long ago a Texas man put a bullet through his brain because he thought he had killed his mother-in-law; he did not propose to be hanged for that offence. In the same State a grown-up girl shot herself because her mother whipped her; and a boy of thirteen killed himself because his cruel parents refused to allow him to marry the girl he loved. A North Carolina young lady drowned herself because her father failed of an election to the Legislature; a twenty year old youth of the same State shot himself because his father would not allow him to lie abed in the morning, and a woman took a fatal dose of Paris green because her neighbors gossiped about her.

OPINIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.—Dr. Hopkins, a renowned New England preacher, professed that he could find no attraction in either Milton or Shakspeare. Samuel Pepys, a famous English diarist, accounted the play of "Romeo and Juliet" the worst that he ever heard; "Othello" a "mean thing," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the "most insipid, ridiculous play that I ever saw in my life." Lord Shaftesbury speaks of Shakspeare's "rude, unpolished style and antiquated phrase and wit. George II. once said, "I hear a great deal of Shakspeare, but I cannot read him, he is such a bombast fellow." Hume, the great historian, defines Shakspeare as "a disproportioned and misshapen giant." Voltaire pronounced "Hamlet" "so gross and barbarous a piece that it would not be endured by the vast population in France and Italy." George III. remarked, "Was there ever such stuff as Shakspeare? Only one must not say so." Even Byron disparages the bard of Avon, thinks his plays "will have their decline," and ranks Pope above him.

CHILDREN AND LOVERS.

BY ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

We were children, playing together,
Around the magic isle,
In her witching April weather,
Of laughter, and sigh, and smile,
We were children, playing together,
For a happy, happy while.

We were lovers, straying together,
So lightly over the land,
That we scarcely ruffled the heather,
Hardly printed the sand.
We were lovers, straying together
Upon the fairy strand.

And still there are children playing
On the self-same shore and hill;
And still there are lovers straying
Along the elfin rill;
For our children are round us playing,
And we—we are lovers still.

The Buried Secret.

BY JAMES F. CAMPBELL.

OLD JASPER FLINT had been stricken with paralysis, and was now lying at the point of death. From his troubled expression it was evident that he most earnestly desired to communicate something to his children before he died. Laura, the eldest, was seventeen, while the other two, Maggie and Tommy, were of the respective ages of thirteen and nine.

For thirty years Jasper Flint had been a dealer in second hand clothing, and although very penurious and tricky, and driving an extensive trade in cast off garments, he professed to be very poor—always crying up poverty to the last. He had never employed a servant or housekeeper, for the ostensible reason that he was too poor, so that Laura, from the age of twelve, had been a perfect little family drudge.

Everybody said that old Jasper was a miser. He was near fifty years before he ever thought of marrying; and with his disposition and habits, it was wonderful that he ever thought of it at all.

The wife he married was twenty years younger than himself; but he starved and broke her heart by his meanness in ten years' time. She was a delicate, sensitive, and refined woman, and could not adapt herself to his miserly manner of thinking and acting. She died, as we have said, in ten years after this ill assorted marriage, leaving three pretty children with a fair prospect of starving after her.

A careful investigation into the old clothier's affairs showed but a few dollars in ready money—scarcely more than enough to defray the funeral expenses; and what rendered matters still worse, was, his stock in trade was destroyed by fire three days after; and having been too stingy in his life-time to pay for an insurance policy, the poor children lost everything, excepting the roof that sheltered them. But Laura was a resolute, self-reliant young girl, and proved herself, in every respect, equal to the equivocal situation.

She put out a small signboard, and took in washing and ironing. Maggie, who was stout and healthy, assisted her in her labors; and Tommy, at her suggestion, though he was but nine years old, launched out manfully as a newsboy.

With all hands thus occupied, the miser's children were soon living far more comfortably than they had ever done while their father was alive. They were enabled to supply themselves with more wholesome food, and in sufficient quantity to appease their hunger, to clothe themselves better, and to appear better and more well-to-do generally.

Laura was very pretty, and neat, and affable, and this secured her plenty of work of the lightest and most desirable description, and the young clerks and gentlemen of leisure who chiefly employed her declared that they could see their faces in their shirt-bosoms after they had passed through the artistic ordeal of her polishing irons

She was subject, of course, to a great deal of annoyance from her genteel patrons, in the way of flattery and compliments, but she conducted herself always with the strictest propriety whenever they were present, which soon won from them general respect and friendship Her practical little head was too strong to be turned from the praiseworthy current of her purposes by any man's flattery. But there was one young man who had insensibly won his way into her good graces—a clerk of twenty, Fred Allston.

Laura, with her practical eye, could read his pure and unselfish nature at a glance, and she liked him; but she understood life better than he, and when he urged an early marriage, she would effectually silence him for the time being

Now it was a great puzzle to everybody how old Jasper Flint, with his penurious habits, could have died and left his children so destitute. Some suggested that he must have hidden or buried his money, and every part of the house, cellar, and back-yard were carefully examined, but without its resulting in any discovery.

One day Fred Allston was surprised by the appearance of Tommy at the office, bearing a brief and startling message from his darling Laura, that he should go to her.

When he arrived, she met him at the door, and he noticed that her manner was very strange and excited.

"What is the matter, my poor Laura? What has happened?" he exclaimed, panting.

"Something very odd has happened!" was her hurried and fluttering answer. "I have just made a strange discovery, and have sent for you, post-haste, to enlighten me."

She led the way into the house, and once inside, she went directly and without speaking to an old bureau in one corner, and drew out a carefully preserved package of papers, and placed them in her lover's hands.

Fred gazed at them for a moment in bewildered astonishment, and then exclaimed, excitedly:

"Good Heaven, Laura! what does this mean? They are government bonds! Where did you get them? There are thousands, too!"

"Are you sure of that? Can there be no mistake?" demanded Laura, eagerly

"No mistake in the world, my darling! They are genuine government securities. But where, in the name of all that is wonderful, did you get them?"

"You remember the old desk with one broken leg, in the room which my father used to occupy? Well, I got short of kindling wood, and thinking it no longer an object either of utility or ornament, I ordered Tommy to take it to the wood-house and cut it up. He went out with it, and began to break it to pieces with his hatchet. In a few minutes he came running in, bringing a handful of these bonds with him. I guessed from their appearance that they must be valuable, and so I sent Tommy directly for you."

"Yes, my sweet Laura, you were right there!" cried Fred, gleefully; for he saw that with this unexpected mine of wealth in her possession, she could not reasonably withold her consent longer to become his bride—not if she really loved him, as she had so often assured him in their tender moments. "There is no better paper in the country to-day, or in the world, than these same bonds."

In a word, the miser's children, who had been struggling so hard the last year and a half for a bare subsistence, while there was an ample provision for them hidden away in the house, now found themselves independent.

"And this was what so troubled my father after his attack of paralysis," suggested Laura. "He could neither speak nor write, or in any way make himself understood. Poor father! he must have suffered terribly, not to be able to reveal his secret for the benefit of his children. But he was very odd, and when well would admit no one to his confidence."

"As you say, he must have suffered intense agony in the end," returned Fred, thoughtfully. "But now, dear Laura, you have grown so rich, you will hardly be willing to remember your promise to a poor fellow like me!"

She looked at him reproachfully

"Can you think so meanly of me, dear, darling Fred, after all the proofs of affection I have given you, you naughty, ungrateful boy?"

"Forgive me! forgive me, dearest Laura. But now there is no longer the old obstacle in the way, will you not be merciful enough to end this long suspense, and name the happy day?"

"It is now the middle of January," said Laura, archly. "Let us say at Easter."

"You are a darling angel!" cried Fred, rapturously, and they were married at the appointed time.

* * *

Somebody put pepper in Mr. Grouty's cologne bottle, and when he took a smell at it he got about two spoonfuls up his nose, and the way he sneezed was a circumstance. About the time when he had been at it for ten minutes, and was shedding tears copiously, and felt sure he would loosen his hair at the roots, and perhaps his teeth would come out, a friend entered. "Is anything the matter with you?" asked the friend. "N n a-ca ca-chor ooo ooo—no!" answered Grouty, and then, when he finally got a little quiet, and gave the bottle to his friend and said: "Smell this." And while the friend was tearing himself all to pieces, Grouty asked: "Is anything the matter, or are you just doing it to kill time?" They are foes now.

* * *

A person of observing mind, if he has driven through a country town, has noticed how curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces in order to get a glimpse of all passers-by. A peddler drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook staring from the windows, got off his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house: Peddler. "Has there been a funeral here lately?" Man of the house. "No; why?" Peddler. "I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it." Man of the house. "You leave, double quick, or there will be a funeral."

Double Fortune.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

WHEN Fred Somerville and Amy Martin first plighted their troth, what a suitable match it would be, was the universal comment.

Both were young and handsome; the fathers of both were wealthy; and everything connected with their love drifted along so smoothly that both sighed for just a little something to give the current a romantic ripple.

Trouble in this world is not often sighed for in vain.

Sudden as a thunderclap one day came the announcement that Mr. Somerville, Fred's father, was a ruined man.

The catastrophe seemed as great a surprise to himself as to everybody else.

But the fallen merchant was too proud and honorable to attempt to secure anything from the wreck of his fortune at the expense of his creditors.

Every debt was paid to the uttermost farthing, and he was left penniless.

The strain and shock proved too much for Mr. Somerville's strength, and in less than a month after his failure he sank under his misfortunes, from which he found refuge in the grave.

In the eyes of Mr. Martin, Fred Somerville's qualifications for the post of son-in-law underwent a radical change, as that young gentleman was right speedily given to understand.

To the father of a marriageable daughter there is a wide difference between a suitor plus a handsome fortune, and the same suitor minus any fortune at all.

But in Amy's eyes, Fred was the same as ever; and in spite of everything—fatherly authority included—she clung to her first choice, and in due time the pair were married.

Mr. Martin was so much incensed at his daughter's disobedience that he resolved to disinherit her; and being a widower, and having no other child to leave his fortune to, he called in a lawyer and made a will, giving everything to Herbert Trevanion, a distant relative, whom he had scarcely ever seen, and for whom he didn't care a straw.

But Fred and his young wife were too full of hope and happiness to care for loss of fortune.

Fred found employment which enabled him to maintain a pleasant little home, where a fond welcome awaited him on his return from his daily toil, and in time there was a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy to add his charming prattle to the welcome.

Mr. Martin never forgave Amy.

Not even when the hand of affliction fell upon him, and she offered to come and minister at his bedside, would he consent to see her; and he died at last, uttering no word of pardon.

Poor Amy grieved long and deeply over her father's death.

Though she could not reproach herself for having kept faith in his adversity with him whom she had chosen in prosperity, it added materially to the keenness of her sorrow to think that her parent's resentment had been carried to the grave

But further troubles were in store.

Hard times came, and Fred lost his situation.

Amy had easily acquired the lesson of frugality.

She could live without repining on their humble income.

But when that was gone, and grim want stood at the door, her courage well-nigh yielded.

It broke her heart to see her husband's haggard face, and note his anxious efforts to conceal from her his cares.

One morning the landlord came to demand his rent.

The money was not forthcoming, and Fred could give no definite assurance when it would be.

"Then you must find other quarters," was the gruff remark with which the man took his leave.

It was almost with a feeling of despair that Fred took his hat to depart on his daily search for employment.

"Ah, Somerville," cried Lawyer Stickney, slapping Fred on the back as they met some hours later, "by George, you're in luck, man."

In answer to the other's surprised look, Mr Stickney continued—

"You remember Stephen Ennis, your father's old clerk?"

"Perfectly."

"Everybody thought him poor, you know"

"I always believed him so, especially after he had lost his place on my father's failure."

"Well, you and all the rest were very much mistaken. He died yesterday, leaving ever so many thousand snugly invested. He seems to have been a thorough miser, pretending to be as poor as Lazarus, while in reality he had a huge fortune secretly hoarded."

Fred looked incredulous.

"I have the best reason for knowing the truth of what I say," persisted the lawyer. "Ennis fell sick last week, and for economical reasons put off calling for a doctor till too late. At last he got frightened and sent for Doctor Grayback, who told him it was all up with him. Old Grayback is remarkably candid in such matters; and the upshot was a message from Mr. Ennis requesting me to come and prepare his will.

"'I have neither chick nor child,' he said, 'but there's an act of justice I'd like to do before going through the final clearing-house.'

"I begged him to explain his wishes.

"'Everything I have,' he replied, 'I got by robbing my late employer I did it by degrees, and in a manner to excite no suspicion. This was the cause of the failure that excited so much surprise I have not squandered the money, but have kept it secretly invested, so that it has grown instead of diminishing.'

"Then he directed me to draft a will, leaving all to——"

"Whom?" exclaimed Fred, pale with excitement.

"You!" answered the lawyer; "and you are to-day a richer man than your father ever was. The will will be proved in a day or two, and you may then take immediate possession."

Fred ran to Amy with the tidings he had just heard.

"Amy, Amy!" he exclaimed, "I've something to tell you."

"Well, and what if I've already heard it?" she replied, with a happy sparkle in her eyes.

"Why, who can have told you?"

"A letter, which has just come, announcing the death of Herbert Trevanion, the distant kinsman in whose favor my father made his will. He was drowned while out yachting, and it seems I am his nearest heir. Of course I am not glad to hear of Mr Trevanion's death, but——"

Fred interrupted her with the story of his own good fortune, at which she was as much surprised as he had been at hers.

So after all the current of Fred and Amy's happiness returned to the old smooth channel, and neither ever again sighed after romantic ripples. And thus their double fortune came.

* * *

A TURKISH PARTY.—So long as strange women are in the house, the Turkish husband is excluded from the harem. The guests begin to arrive about six, accompanied by their maid-servants and negroes, carrying lanterns and bringing their children and slippers with them The reception rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax candles, and scented with fragrant pastilles There is no kissing or hand shaking between the hostess and her guests, but each lady as she comes in lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth and mind." Refreshments are introduced soon after their arrival, and the ladies compliment one another about their respective dresses. After coffee, sweetmeats and cigarettes are discussed, dancing-girls are introduced; and at this stage of the proceedings the elderly ladies generally settle down to cards and backgammon neither more nor less than in Western countries. In some houses, where Christian manners have penetrated, a lady pianist rattles off waltzes and operatic music to the company; but this does not exclude the performance of the native dancing-girls, whose gyrations and fantastic music with tamborines and castinets are much appreciated. When the evening has been pleasantly spent, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for the guests to retire. This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming, 'Bring in the cake!' At once the maid-servants hasten off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy, and spongy pudding is produced—the which having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rose-water are carried in for the guests to wash their hands withal; and then the party is at an end.

* * *

MEXICAN SOCIETY.—There exists no other society on the planet, not even in India, where there is more distinction of caste and class than is found in Mexico. On the Gulf coast, by consequence of unfortunate amalgamation of the white and the Indian and Chinese and the black races, there are said to exist at least a dozen separate classes of humanity, of different colors, or, at least, of different characteristics. In the capital such is not the case. There are Castilians and creoles, or children of Indian mothers and Spanish fathers and full blooded Indians. The Mexican ladies are exemplary wives and fond and loving mothers. Their home to them is their entire world; their husbands the idols of their hearts, while their children are the angels which make their homes their heaven. Yet, strange to say, there is no word in the Spanish language that can express the idea conveyed in our dear old hearty Anglo Saxon word "home." The nearest approach to it is found in *hogar*, which may be translated "hearth-stone" or "hearth" simply.

* * *

An officer of the U. S. Cavalry Recruiting office, while waltzing at a ball at Cincinnati lately, dropped dead.

STOLEN KISSES.

BY G. G. BINGHAM.

In silence and hush of a dream
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gleam
Of the fire, and never a word;
The echo will ever repeat,
Breaking the silence in twain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain."

For a kiss would a maiden wake
From the charm of a dreamful sleep,
And a touch of true love would break
The peace that the blue eyes keep.
For ever the echo shall greet,
Like song of a ripening rain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain."

When hearts and lips have grown cold,
And love lives but for an hour;
When life's romance has been told,
And kisses have lost their power,
Then shall soft memory fleet,
No more a dream to enchain;
Yet stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED.)

"DO you not recollect me," he asked soothingly.

No reply.

Tears of pity and disappointment stole down his venerable cheeks.

For an instant only did his words appear to attract the notice of the patient; she regarded him earnestly, and pressed her hand to her forehead. Elizabeth Berrington felt alarmed, but a look from the two physicians reassured her.

It was but some chord of memory not quite paralysed that had been touched; the effect lasted only an instant, a vacant look succeeded. The power of retaining the impression was gone.

The servants were examined, and of course their statements tallied with those of their employers. One of them, the waiting-maid Jane, the doctor fancied gave her evidence with a certain appearance of constraint; but it might have been nervousness that occasioned it.

For several days the visits of the commissioners were repeated, but always with the same results. The English residents, the Hastings girls, and the Ogilvies, who had never liked Mrs Berrington, united to declare that she was insane, and had been so, although in a less degree, on her arrival at Schwineberg. Even the chaplain, who suspected no evil, confessed to a similar impression, and the learned serjeant and Counsellor Murney declared themselves convinced of her madness.

"I cannot struggle against the evidence," said Dr. Bray. "And yet it was the last mind I should have thought likely to give way."

A report according to the decision was drawn up and signed. Nothing could be more honorable than the terms in which the learned gentlemen spoke of the care and affectionate solicitude of the husband and his sister.

After such a certificate there appeared but slight hope of the chancellor removing her from their guardianship.

Two days before they quitted Schwineberg Dr. Bray dined with Percy Murray and a few select friends.

The Berringtons heard of the party, but attached slight importance to it. The ex secretary was fond of society.

"I have a patient, Bray, whom I very much wish you to see," said his host.

"I have retired from practice."

"Still you must oblige me. The gentleman himself must have no suspicion that your visit is a professional one."

The following morning he presented him to the grand duke, spoke of him as one of the most eminent men in his profession. His highness took the hint and proceeded to consult him.

"Well, what think you of my patient?" demanded Murray as they drove back to the hotel.

"Bad way."

"Chronic disease?"

"Fatty degeneration of the heart. The stage is most advanced."

"Ah. How long do you give him to live?"

"Three years—possibly four; why do you ask?"

"Listen to me. The instant you hear of the death of his grand ducal highness, post over to Schwineberg."

"I do not understand you."

"I did not expect you would; all I ask is a promise to comply with my request."

It was given, and the gentlemen separated.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DURING his stay at Schwineberg, Dr. Bray had carefully avoided all intercourse with Frank and his wife. He knew that curious eyes would be upon him; every movement he made watched; and Mr. Quarl had warned him not to interfere with his project.

"You work your way," said the lawyer. "prove the lady sane if you can, and leave me to proceed mine. Our labors tend to the same end."

When asked to explain, he declared that he would explain nothing; circumstances were not yet ripe. "Of course," he added, "I am not proceeding without a motive or a design. Should it succeed, it will leave the Berringtons helpless at our mercy."

"Should it fail?"

"We still have Providence to rely upon," replied the old man reverently. "The admission appears strange, does it not, from one of my profession, but I have great faith in its secret but unerring justice. Time has redressed more wrongs than the law has ever reached."

Miss Gurtha Bouchier felt greatly shocked when informed of the result of the commission from which she had hoped so much; but the high character of the gentlemen named on it forbade all suspicion of their having been influenced.

"Poor Clara!" she murmured; "so young—so helpless."

"Her fate, indeed, is a sad one."

"At least, doctor," added the aged lady, "we have defeated one portion of her husband's dishonorable scheme. Her avenger lives."

She walked towards the window of the drawing-room, and gazed complacently upon a fine healthy boy playing on the lawn.

For nearly three years he had been an inmate of her house.

The departure of the commissioner, proved a great relief to the Berringtons. They had trampled over justice and science, deceived the Argus eyes of both; but the deception could not have been much longer kept up without danger to the sufferer, who began slowly to recover from the effects of the drug which had been so infamously administered.

The German women who guarded her, not suspecting the progress of returning reason already considerably advanced, were in the habit of conversing most unreservedly in her presence.

"What an excellent position we have," observed one.

"Yes if it only lasts."

"My uncle will take care of that."

"Still, it is very hard for her, poor lady," continued the first speaker, who possessed more kindliness of heart than her companion. "They say she has succeeded to a great fortune, and become a sort of princess in her own country. I heard Jane tell the valet so," she added.

"Princess or no princess, it is our duty to watch her closely."

"Of course it is The foreign gentlemen who came to see her little imagined how cleverly we had deceived them; not even the doctor suspected she had been drugged."

Lady Eastcott, for that was now her title, made a powerful effort to comprehend these words.

"Have I been dreaming?" she murmured, half aloud.

The speakers started.

"Drugged—drugged," she murmured; "infamous!"

Fortunately, the words were uttered in English. From that instant the keepers were upon their guard, and the unhappy lady fully recovered the use of her faculties. She often mused over the broken conversation she had heard.

Miss Berrington had not forgotten her promise to Frank Hastings, although he of course took good care not to remind her of it. No sooner was her mind at rest on the subject of her sister in law, than she proposed a visit to the Alte Schloss.

"Oh, for the sketch," exclaimed the artist, in a tone of well-affected surprise, as if suddenly remembering it; "but is it not too late in the season?"

"Idler!"

"Don't be lazy, Frank," said his little wife, who acted her part to perfection; "you know how much I wish to possess it, and we may not have such another opportunity."

The appointment was made for the following day, to the great satisfaction of Lissy.

That same evening her husband amused himself by enveloping a small sheet of writing-paper and a pencil in an old leather glove.

"What are you doing, Frank?"

"Be patient."

"A toy for the child."

"No, for you."

"For me!" repeated Lissy poutingly; "do I require toys?"

"Be patient," repeated the gentleman laughingly, "and oblige me with some string—a longer piece than that, the whole ball. Thank you, that will do."

Mrs. Hastings could not understand what it all meant.

"Do you think it is long enough to reach from the ramparts to the platform at the end of the square tower?" he asked.

Lissy saw it all

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed, "how stupid I must have been, and how clever you are. I never should have suspected your design."

"Of course you would not."

"Now I know it."

"You must do more—carry it out."

"I! Oh, Frank!"

"You Lissy," said her husband, speaking seriously, "you are not half so simple as you pretend to be, and despite that frightened look, there is more true courage in that little heart of yours than in many a manly breast. Now, listen to me. I have ascertained that there is a prisoner in the old Schloss, only one; that he is kept most carefully guarded, permitted only one hour's exercise very early in the morning and late in the evening before and after the gates are closed. I believe it is the person Mr. Quarl sent us here to seek. You understand me?"

His wife nodded intelligently.

"Good. Now bring me my portfolio—the one with the sketches."

In a few seconds it lay open on the table before them, and both the speakers were carefully examining the view of the old Schloss.

"That," said Frank, "is the square tower. Do you think you will recollect it? But I need not ask the question; of course you will. The platform at the base, forty feet above the level of the moat, is only reached through the apartments of the commandant. Tell me, am I quite clear?"

"As an oracle, Frank."

"Now, do you see that window?"

"The one with a solitary flower?"

"Yes. That, I have every reason to believe, is the window of the cell in which our countryman is confined. Now for your task. I want you whilst I am making a sketch of the interior, to wander about the place, looking as unconcerned and artless as possible. Ascend the square tower, and drop the ball at the end of the tower directly in front of the grated casement."

"But should I be discovered?"

"We must risk that."

"They would not imprison me?"

"Imprison you?" repeated her husband laughingly; "no, they would only be too glad to hold themselves quiet for the fright. Count Calredo is my firm friend, and although he cannot officially interfere on an Englishman's being illegally detained, of which, by-the-bye, we have no positive proof, would not suffer either of us to be annoyed. Besides," he said, "we must risk something to show our gratitude to the uncle of Tom Briarly. It is not much that we can do to prove it."

The following morning Miss Berrington drove to the old Schloss. In addition to Frank and his wife, the chaplain and Mrs Ward had been invited to join the party.

Here it may be as well mentioned that the scheming lady had no knowledge of the manner in which her brother had rid himself of Mr. Paul Lynx; neither had she suspected the existence of any motive for his doing so. Had she been fully aware of the fact, the old Schloss would have been the very last place to which she would have given any of her countrymen access.

It was a lovely day, but rather cold, and the party were in high spirits when they arrived before the gloomy fortress, half palace and half prison.

As the carriage rattled over the drawbridge the sentinel called, "Halt."

"A mere form," said Miss Berrington, addressing her companions.

The soldiers said something very civilly.

"We must wait for the permission of the governor."

A young officer made his appearance from the guard-room, and offered to convey her card to his superior.

In a few minutes the redoubtable commandant made his appearance, and doffed his cap with an awkward attempt at gallantry the instant he recognised Miss Berrington, who had passed many days in the Schloss on various occasions when inhabited by the court. He knew her, not only as the sister of the English minister, but the dear friend of the Countess von Schlammermacher, the adopted sister of his sovereign.

To the request to visit the palace a ready assent was given.

"And this gentleman wishes to make a sketch of the great court," added the lady.

Von Bonheim hesitated.

"It is for the countess," said Miss Berrington.

At the mention of that name all opposition vanished, and the governor summoned his niece, a pretty looking girl of eighteen, to conduct the ladies through the state apartments.

"Oh, but I must see everything," observed Mrs. Ward; "the tower, and the dungeons."

Bonheim gravely informed her that they were never shown unless by an order under the hand of the minister.

Frank and his wife exchanged glances of disappointment.

The former, despite the cold, sat himself heroically to work at his sketch, whilst the rest of the party were examining the palace.

After going through a series of gloomy-looking, faded apartments, they came to a chamber which commanded a lovely view; a fire was still blazing on the hearth, and near it stood a table with books and writing materials.

"I should prefer this room to all the fine places we have seen," observed Lissy; "there is something so cosy and comfortable about it—almost English."

Their conductress looked in her face and smiled.

"Do you speak English?"

"A very little, lady," was the reply.

"And who teaches you?"

"A friend to mine uncle," answered the girl somewhat confusedly. "I am frightful that I am not clever at lines; my copies are many faults."

She pointed to a number of exercises on the table.

As this was a style of conversation which had no interest for Miss Berrington, she called the chaplain to the window to admire the prospect.

Lissy took up one of the exercises to examine.

"Oh, you must not, if you please," exclaimed Gretchen, the name of their conductress. "I know it is many bad."

"Not so."

"Your letters are not as ours."

"Ah, I presume a writing lesson." said the Englishwoman. "It is not very cleverly set; if you will allow, I will give you a better one;"

She seated herself at the table and wrote several copies The first line was: "It is right to pity the unfortunate." Then followed a space for the pupil to copy it, next: "Hope is the nurse of misfortune" A second space, and last: "Providence watches over all things."

"There, my dear," she said laying down the pen, "you will find my lesson easy to copy."

"Yes, it is most beautiful," observed the girl.

At this moment Miss Berrington called the speaker, to inquire the name of an old castle whose ruins formed a picturesque object in the landscape Lissy seized the opportunity, and caught up one of the old exercises, which she carefully concealed in her bosom

Luncheon followed, and Frank, who declared that he had lost the use of his fingers, joined the ladies, who pronounced his sketch to be admirable as far as it went.

"I must trust to memory," he said, "for details I am half perished."

Herr Bonheim, as if to make amends for his former incivility, assured him that he would be welcome to come at any time to complete it.

On their way home the artist appeared out of spirits; possibly he felt annoyed at the indifference of his wife to what he believed the failure of their plan.

"And are you quite sure it failed?" she asked, when they were seated together alone by their own cheerful fire.

"Why, you never approached the tower. To be sure, it was not your fault; though the disappointment is not the less bitter."

Lissy drew from her bosom the crumpled exercise, and began spreading it out carefully upon the table, laughing as she smoothed it with her dimpled hands.

"What have you there?" inquired her husband.

"My sketch, which I will exchange for yours."

She placed it in his hands, and the mystery was solved. The German maiden's English master was no other than the detective. He had, under pretense of giving her a writing-lesson in the English character, written the following sentences: "Paul Lynx of London." "A prisoner." "Write to Mr. Quarl, solicitor." "Lincoln's-inn-fields;" and the unsuspecting girl had set herself patiently to copy them.

Frank jumped up in a transport of excitement and, catching his wife in his arms, kissed her several times.

"Clever girl!" he exclaimed; "where did you obtain this?"

Lissy explained how she had contrived to convey hope to the prisoner. "His pupil," she observed, "will doubtless show him the lesson I set her But are you quite certain," she added, "it is the person Mr. Quarl wishes to discover?"

"Quite."

"And what is the next step to be taken?"

"To get him out of his prison."

At this reply his wife looked exceedingly grave; her conjugal fears suggested the possibility of danger in making the attempt She had heard terrible stories of the old Schloss its chamber of torture, dungeons, and such like.

It had once been the seat of that singular and mysterious association which under the name of the Holy Vehm, spread such a terror through Germany, causing even princes to tremble as they yielded obedience to its behests.

"Do not fear," said her husband; "I shall proceed cautiously. My first act will be to communicate the result of this day's work to our benefactor, and then to consult Mr. Percy Murray. I am directed to be guided by him."

Lissy smiled sadly; evidently she had no great faith in the discretion or wisdom of the ex-secretary of legation.

"He was too fond of cards and pomp," she thought, "to make a safe counsellor."

A very natural but not correct judgment. But then it must be remembered that the anxious wife had little or no experience in the rules of diplomacy.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW frequently do we hear persons speak of the sensitiveness of guilt as something marvelous, almost redeeming? We consider this to be an error; compared with the sensitiveness of innocence it is cold, granite-like impassibility. Innocence, we are told, has its own consolation. Doubtless this is true, and very fortunately so, for in nine cases out of ten it is the only recompense it has. It is something like virtue; the world leaves it to reward itself.

Poor Lucy felt her position every day more keenly. There were times when she blamed herself for having listened to the earnest passionate entreaties of her husband, for that he was her husband in the sight of Heaven she entertained no doubt; he was the father also of her child.

There was the tie that bound her.

On one point she remained firm. To the entreaties of the earl that she would mingle in society, she returned the same firm but gentle answer:

"Never till my position is unquestioned."

"I did not make the absurd, stupid law," he urged.

Lucy might have replied that he had broken it; had selfishly concealed from her the tie that rendered their marriage a mockery, branded her offspring as illegitimate, and gave society the right to reject her.

"With what face can I enter the world," she exclaimed, "when everyone can challenge my position? I care not for the honors of the rank to which you pretended to raise me; but I dearly prize my dignity as a wife. "No," she added, "I will neither court the censure nor the pity of society. In every glance I should believe that I was pointed at; each whispered word would seem intended for my ear. It is impossible."

Finding that her resolution was not to be shaken, his lordship ceased to importune her upon the point. The offence he had committed against honor gradually appeared less odious to him; he thought her obstinate and uncomplying, and his absences from home became long and frequent.

On these occasions Madame Pishert generally left her husband to take care of Minerva Lodge, and came to pass the time with her.

"They are all alike my dear," observed the lady one evening as they were seated together in the dressing room of the countess, for so by courtesy she must still be designated; "not a pin to choose between them. Men are the most selfish beings in creation. I know it. Pishert is no exception to the rule. Would you believe it? the wretch has hinted to me more than once the necessity of making my will."

"Surely it would only be only prudent to do so."

"That does not lesson his barbarity in contemplating my death. Instead of being struck, overwhelmed, crushed by the fall of an avalanche at the bare idea of losing me, the wretch spoke of the possibility in the calmest tones, hinted that I was growing old, and added, in his horrid Dutch accent, 'Der young may die, but der old ones must.' Old! I believe I shall outlive him yet. Whether I do or not," continued the lady after a pause, "Herr von Pishert will not be much the richer by my death, than I can tell him."

"We should not be resentful from the grave," observed Lucy sadly.

"I have done what is right, my dear," replied her cousin. "Pishert married me only for my money; I very soon found that out. I doubted him from the very first when he began dilating on the beauty of mutual confidence—the trust between husband and wife; one heart, and all that rubbish. It was one purse he meant, but I took my precautions, and held my property all the more strictly; and wise I was to do so, as events turned out."

"To me he seems the most attentive and submissive of husbands," said Lady Rislip.

"Poverty, my love; nothing but poverty," observed madame. "I took care to cut the tiger's claws before I ventured into the cage. Having gone thus far, I may as well confide to you the rest. On leaving you at Schwineberg after your unfortunate marriage, we proceeded to Munich to visit his relatives. Such creatures. One brother expected me to purchase him a farm! A second thought it only reasonable that I should settle a pension upon his parents—that perhaps was not so unreasonable; but his cousin to whom the wretch had been engaged, showed me the letters he had written home shortly before and directly after his marriage—describing me! That was enough. I quitted the place at once, and not one of the Pisherts was the richer for my visit. Nor ever will be," added the speaker emphatically.

"It was treacherous of her."

"Well, I rather think it was. Still, I have no right to blame her, for it opened my eyes. But it served him rightly. He had trifled with her for years."

"Oh, woman! woman!" murmured Lucy.

"I am afraid we are all alike in that respect," observed Madame von Pishert. "Your dear Eleanor Charlton, for instance. I was not deceived by her pretended congratulations on your marriage. I knew at the time she could have strangled you."

"I have no right to doubt her."

"No right!" repeated he cousin. "Yes every right—the right of self defence. Despite the clever artifice with which she contrived to lull your suspicions, I feel convinced that she wrote the paragraph which appeared in *Galignani*. No one else could have done it except your father, and he is not bad enough for that."

"Impossible! Believe me, you wrong her."

"Ah, Lucy, Lucy. You are too good for this world; too much of the innocence of the dove, and too little of the wisdom of the serpent. Take my word for it, Eleanor Charlton has not renounced the hope of being Countess of Rislip yet."

"No, no. It would be too horrible!" answered the unhappy wife.

"It is her game," continued the speaker. "I can see it as plainly as if I held her cards. Why these continued invitations to the earl? Why this seeking to connect him with the political party of which her uncle is the head?"

"His talents; his——"

"Pooh!" interrupted Madame von Pishert. "You cannot suppose that she believes in them, if you are weak enough to do so. But I am silent. I have pained, when I would only have warned you."

"You have, indeed. Yet it was kindly meant," said Lady Rislip.

"It was necessary to put you on your guard."

"I am defenceless!"

"Not so. You possess advantages, if you could only be persuaded to use them wisely. Why live the life of a recluse? Why court the censure of society by submitting to a verdict before it is pronounced? In the eyes of Heaven and all right-judging persons, of all generous minds, you are a wife. Assume your place at once and let the shame of the deceit practiced upon your inexperience fall where it is most justly due."

"Upon my husband?"

"He deserves it."

"Upon the father of my boy?"

"Whom he has deprived of all legal right to bear his name," observed Madame Pishert. "Consider, Lucy, what would be his position if his brother Ferdinand should die."

"It is only too horrible to think of."

"The title would become extinct—a fatal weapon in hands that knew how to use it dexterously by working upon Rislip's pride."

"Even in that latter extremity," replied Lucy, "which may Heaven avert, my husband would remain to his marriage vows—to the oaths of constancy he has sworn to me. When the blow first struck me down," she continued, "my impulse was to separate from him. I had never considered the question except in its legal bearings. He convinced me that the moral objections to our union were unfounded; brought text upon text, quoted the opinions of grave divines and reverend bishops, to confirm the impression. I know that I am his wife," she added, "for what God Himself has sanctioned never can become wrong, and my conscience is at peace."

"Then why not give the moral proof of this conviction by mingling with the world?"

"I lack the courage, cousin. In society I should feel myself a coward. In solitude I am strong."

Within six months the event Madame Pishert had alluded to as likely to influence the earl, occurred. His son and heir the youthful Ferdinand, died of an attack of scarlet fever.

Had he been her own child, Lucy could not have watched the bedside of the sufferer with more tender solicitude, or have mourned for him more deeply. The frank high-spirited boy had attached himself to her, her gentle spirit had won his love. Almost the last words he uttered were:

"I'll tell my own—my real mamma—whom I am going to see, how good you have been to me, and she will pray for you in heaven."

"Ferdinand," said his father, half choked with grief, "have you not a word of comfort for poor papa?"

The child regarded him earnestly.

"Have I not always loved you?"

"Yes, I do think that."

"Have you no wish—no desire that I can gratify?"

"Well, I have one."

"Name it, darling."

"Be kind to mamma," murmured the child. "We used to be so happy before you went away so much from home. Lately I have seen her cry for hours. You are not angry with me?" he added.

His lordship imprinted a kiss of passionate love upon the brow of the speaker.

"Kiss mamma, too," resumed the speaker. "I can't see your face! Are the lights going out? No, no—light. Oh, what Beautiful light!"

These were the last words uttered by the infant heir to the ancient title of Rislip. His death placed poor Lucy in a terrible position. Her own boy, whom the servants spoke of as viscount, she well knew had no legitimate claim to the title and could never inherit his father's name.

"Husband! husband!" she murmured as she sank half-fainting in his arms; "our sin has reached us."

Lord Rislip was not an unfeeling man, but simply a vain and selfish one, who rarely reflected on the consequences of his actions were passion was concerned, when principle yielded to impulse. The grief of Lucy touched him, and for the first time he realized the position to which his deceit had brought him.

Had she, knowing him to have been the husband of her dead sister, freely accepted that position, accepted it upon principle, he might have been excused, but even then it is a question how far his conduct would have stood the test of strict honor and manly feeling.

His dupe it must be remembered was but a child in years, and utterly inexperienced in the world.

Nothing could excede the attention he paid her for the first three years after the death of Ferdinand; but the old feeling of ennui, the dulness of his home, which he could not help contrasting with the brilliant society he met at the Charltons, crept over him, and more than once he attempted to shake the resolution of Lucy to quit the retirement of Rislip Priory.

"I cannot; do not ask me," she murmured.

"Will you bury yourself forever? This is obstinacy, not firmness."

"Call it what you will, I cannot change. My cheek would burn to encounter the gaze of society—so pitiless to my sex, so indulgent to yours."

"A reproach!"

"No; simply a sad truth."

"This is morbid! unhealthy!" said his lordship bitterly. "If you are determined to cloister yourself like a nun, you cannot expect me to share your seclusion."

Lucy regarded him with tearful eyes.

"I have duties," he added, "to the world—to my country."

Had he none to her, whose youth he had blighted, whom he had made the victim of the most cruel deception ever practised upon woman?

On various occasions the attempt was renewed, but invariably with the same result. The resolution of Lucy remained unshaken.

Probably this was otherwise, but we cannot blame her. A less sensitive nature would have braved public opinion; thrown down the gauntlet of defiance to the world; have sought to strengthen a false position by accustoming society to her holding it; have made friends to those opposed on principle to the law which pronounced her marriage invalid; have made friends who might have defended her.

None of these considerations, however, entered the mind of Lucy. All she asked was retirement, the forgetfulness of the circle in which she had moved for so brief a space, and the love of her false husband.

That love, we regret to say, was waning daily.

To do him justice, he had made one attempt to bring the law respecting marriage with a deceased wife's sister before the House. Many enlightened men sided with him, but the bigots outnumbered them, and the bill was rejected upon its first reading.

At the close of the discussion he accepted an invitation for a month's shooting with the Charltons, where he was to meet Lord Barsclough, a nobleman high in the ministry, the uncle of Eleanor, who was his favorite niece.

"I cannot understand," observed his lordship, when conversing with that very clever personage in the library, "how it is that with your talents and beauty—for you are still very beautiful, Eleanor—you remain unmarried. Been too difficult to please, I suppose?"

The lady shook her head.

"No!"

"I aimed highly," said his niece; "for I value position more than settlement. Had fortune been my only object, I might have been a wife years since."

"There were rumors three years since of your being engaged to Rislip."

"I have never been engaged to him."

"An idle report then," observed the peer.

"Understand me, uncle. When I say that I have never been engaged to Rislip, I mean by a formal declaration, which leaves the man who makes it no loophole to recede without the loss of honor."

"I understand you. He trifled with you."

"Cruelly."

"The scoundrel!"

"Let me do him justice," exclaimed Eleanor Charlton. "I believe it was without intending it. He paid me those attentions which no woman can receive unmoved, and no doubt would have made me an offer had not another come between us."

"Do you mean the girl he married?"

"Yes."

"That would be no impediment," said the peer. "She is no more his wife than you are. The law ignores her claim, repudiates it, declares her issue illegitimate. Were Rislip to die to-morrow, her boy—I think you told me she had a son—could not succeed."

"He is aware of that," answered the niece.

"In such an event the title would become extinct."

"It is his greatest sorrow."

"Then why does he not marry?"

"Honor."

"Honor!" repeated Lord Barsclough. "Pooh! Pooh! There is no question of honor in the case. His having acted like a scoundrel to one woman is no reason why he should not atone for having trifled with the feelings of another. I fear, Eleanor, you are not quite so clever as I gave you credit for."

His niece smiled.

"Ah, you have some project then. You have not quite abandoned the hope of becoming Countess of Rislip? Be frank. You know you may trust me. I will be secret."

"You must be something more, uncle."

"How more?"

"You must assist me."

"I can scarcely perceive in what way," replied the peer good-humoredly.

"Then I must give you a lesson in politics, my dear uncle," said Eleanor Charlton caressingly. "Oh, you need not look so grand. Many a statesman has received one from the lips of a woman. Tell me, what is your candid opinion of Lord Rislip?"

"Honestly, then, I think he has acted like a fool or a scoundrel."

"I do not mean his moral character."

"You want to know what I think of him intellectually?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the minister, "I consider his talents showy, but superficial. His brilliancy will not stand the test of the file; it wants hardness. Had he a great party in the House to sustain him, it is quite possible they might push him into the Cabinet, and, unless some vital question arose, equally possible he would remain there. He is one of the averages, my love, whose influence would neither be a very great gain nor a very great loss to any ministry."

"Still, you think he has sufficient brains to maintain a position respectably?"

His lordship smiled.

"You are laughing at me, uncle."

"If he has not," replied the peer, "Nature must have been very niggard in the supply. You recollect what Oxenstiern, the Swedish minister, said to his son?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I need not quote it. But what is the meaning of this cross questioning?" continued her relative. "There is some deep project in that little head of yours. Let me hear it. We shall play all the better into each other's hands where there is no risk of the game being one of cross-purposes."

"My dear uncle, you have divined rightly. I have a project, the project of years, forgotten for a time, but revived from the day I discovered that Lord Rislip had married his wife's sister. I intend to be a countess," she added.

"Indeed!"

"With your assistance."

"I cannot court him for you."

"Indeed, but you can."

"Do explain yourself, Eleanor. I detest riddles."

Most decidedly the speaker was no sphinx, for never was man more easily read than his lordship.

"The man I would marry is ambitious."

"The weakness of great minds, Eleanor," replied her uncle.

And the greatness of weak ones, he might have added, for how frequently have we seen it the only quality which redeemed its possessor from contempt. But the speaker was either too wise or too ignorant to make the admission. Like many men who try to be satirical or say epigrammatic things, he left a loophole of escape for himself.

"Now," continued the niece coaxingly, "there is a vacancy likely to occur in the Cabinet."

"Pray how did you know that?" demanded the peer.

"A woman in love easily discerns."

"In love!" repeated her relative ironically.

"Or who wishes to be married. It is the same thing; you cannot deny it. There is a probability of a vacancy."

The conversation was becoming serious.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Measles prevail to alarming and fatal extent in many of the Southwestern States.

New York milkmen sit in their wagons and call the servant girls out to them.

SOMETIME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Life does not find completeness here;
We grasp at things too far away,
And overlook the gladness near
In dreaming of a coming day.

We love, and lose; we strive, and fall;
We dream—and dreams are idle things.
The tree falls earthward in the gale
To which some vine for safety clings.

Oh, silent tears; oh, weary hands!
Oh, eyes that ever look afar,
Somewhere, I trust, in happier lands
Life lifts for you its morning-star.

Sometime for those who trusting wait
Shall the white flowers of gladness blow,
And Heaven most fully compensate
For all the losses earth can show.

"Roots and Seeds."

BY E. BELLMONT

"AND what shall I bring my little sweetheart from over the sea?"

The speaker was a sailor, a middle aged sun-browned man.

In his arms, nestled against his broad chest, her eyes full of tears, her lips quivering, her little figure shaking with sobs, was a tiny fairy-like child of six summers, a golden haired, blue-eyed darling, whose baby heart was given to this stalwart son of the sea.

"Oh, don't go away," she sobbed. "I had rather have you stay than have all the pretty things in your house."

Which speech was as certainly as complimentary as she was sincere, since the collection of foreign treasures in Ben Daly's cottage, represented to little Ann the wealth of the world, the art museum of all those far away lands of which he so often talked to her.

"I must go, pretty one," he said, fondly stroking her sunny curls, "but I will bring you something from over the seas. What shall it be?"

"Some flowers," she answered, "some of the red and blue flowers we don't have here, that grow where the parrots and monkeys live."

For Ann's imagination had been captivated by Ben's descriptions of the gorgeous tropical plants he had so often admired in his travels.

"Flowers!" he said; "so I will bring you flowers. We will plant roots and seeds in mother's garden, and you shall have all the flowers."

"All for my own."

"Yes, lassie. All the flowers Ben brings back shall be your own."

An hour later Ben had bidden his mother farewell, had shaken hands with all the friends and neighbors he met as he walked down the wide street of the little village of Lerton, and had taken the train for where he was to ship as able seaman aboard the "Laughing Mollie," for South America.

* * * * *

Sixteen years had come and gone, bringing the summer's heat and winter's cold when one morning a young woman toiled slowly up the stairs of a house, carrying on one arm a heavy bundle and on the other a pale, drooping babe of less than two summers.

Hunger had pinched the pale cheeks, had made hollow lines around the large blue eyes and given a quiver to the sensitive lips.

"Nannie hot!" the baby wailed, as the stifling air of the close house wrapped her in its venomous folds.

The mother only pressed her own pale lips close upon the little face but did not speak.

In her heart was the unspoken cry:

"Must they die, both my loved ones, for want of pure air and nourishment?"

Toiling painfully up flight after flight of the steep, narrow staircase, she reached at last the door of her own room under the roof.

Here she forced her lips to smile, and entered with a lighter step.

The room was poorly furnished, but cleanly, and upon the bed lay a man whose bandaged arm and white face told of some accident that had prostrated him.

"I have some more work, David," said his brave little wife, speaking in a cheery tone; "and Mr. Watson paid me for the last. I want to leave Nannie and the bundle, and then run out to get something for dinner."

David made no reply.

What could he say that had not been repeated over and over in the four weary months he had lain idle and helpless, both legs and one arm crushed by the fall of a great beam upon him as he strove to save something from the shop that was his sole property, and had burned to ashes while he was being carried away from his vain endeavor to rescue his papers.

Only four years before he had married pretty Ann, who was working at a milliner's, and who thought herself richer than a princess when David Laine gave her his love.

And now in their sorrow and poverty what true love dictated, what a brave, womanly heart could accomplish, Ann strove faithfully to do.

But as she went down the stairs once more to tempt David's failing appetite, she was sickeningly aware that her own strength was failing, and that her dear ones were wasting under her eyes.

Just at the foot of the stairs stood a gentleman holding a card in his hand, who lifted his hat as Ann came down and asked—

"Can you tell me if Mrs David Laine lives in this house?"

"I am Mrs David Laine," Ann said, wondering if any new misfortune was in store for her.

"You were going out," the gentleman said, "and perhaps you can spare me a little time. I have some questions I would like to ask you, and it may be, some good news to impart to you. My office is only a short distance from here and if you will accompany me there, I will not detain you long."

Ann looked into the man's face—a kind good face, whose grey whiskers and wrinkled brow invited confidence.

"My husband is very ill," she said, "and I have a little child. It is hard for me to leave them for even half an hour."

For a moment her visitor hesitated, and looked doubtfully at the narrow stairs.

Then he took a note-book from his pocket, and after consulting it, said—

"Will you tell me your maiden name, Mrs Laine?"

"Ann Davis."

"And your birthplace?"

"Lerton."

"Did you ever know Ben Daly?"

"Yes. He lived with his mother in a cottage next my mother's."

"One more question, Mrs. Laine. Do you remember any promise he made you the last time he sailed?"

"Yes; he promised me some tropical flowers."

"Exactly. Now, Mrs. Laine, I can give you the good news I half promised you but there is a little explanation to be made first.

"When Ben Daly came home from the three years cruise that he made after that promise, he came home hopelessly crippled for a sailor, having lost his right arm.

"He found his cottage empty, his mother's grave in the village churchyard, and the little child he loved gone away, no one knew where.

"He had never been a saving man, but he owned the cottage and a few acres of ground around it.

"After he settled down, he remembered a collection of roots and seeds he had brought home to keep his promise to the child who seems to have divided his love with his old mother.

"He was a simple fellow, without much knowledge of the world, except as a sailor sees it and he considered these roots and seeds as yours, not his own.

"He planted them, succeeded in raising many plants new and rare in this country, and in a short time had applications from florists for slips, seeds, and roots.

"Then he seems to have given his whole energy to the cultivation of his garden, hiring a man to help him, but carefully saving every penny over his personal expenses, limited to the most simple wants.

"Less than a year ago, he made his will, and three months ago he died.

"Since that time I have been seeking you, following up several vain traces, only to day hitting upon the right one.

"Ben Daly considered his property as held in trust for you, the flowers as yours, and as he had no living relative, he has left you his cottage at Lerton, the garden cultivated most carefully, and in a good business at this moment, for we have put a man there to execute orders, and Ben has left twenty five thousand dollars in the bank."

"You say he has left all this to me?"

"Yes; you have only to prove your identity, and I find you are well known in this vicinity, and you can move to Lerton to take possession of your house and property."

Then the lawyer threw his arm out suddenly to catch the little figure that swayed dizzily, as if falling.

"Don't faint," he said, gently. "Were matters so bad with you?"

"I think I looked death in the face to-day," she said, in a low tone, "your news will save the lives of my husband and child."

The story of Ann's fortune is told.

Careful hands helped to carry David Laine to the home where pure air and rest were life giving tonics and where, as he was restored to health, he could still control the profitable business Ben Daly had started.

Nannie and Ann soon found roses and health, and to day there are many dainty dames carrying choice exotics raised from the seeds and roots that Ben brought home from the tropics to please the golden-haired child he loved.

SOME BRAVE WOMEN.

AN AUTHORESS tells of an Arizonan matron who, upon her house being attacked by a band of Indians, while her husband was absent doing duty as a legislator, shot down six of the red men with her own hand, and next day wrote to her lord:

"DEAR JOHN:—The Apaches attacked the ranche. I have won the fight. You need not come yourself; but send some more ammunition."

A West Virginian was one day hotly pursued by Indians, bent upon obtaining his scalp: and all other access to the river being cut off, he made for an overhanging rock just below the Kanawha Falls; and there, a hundred feet above a seething whirlpool, kept his foes at bay with his good rifle; within sight of his wife, standing with her babe in her arms on the other side of the river. For a moment she stood as if petrified, then calling to him to leap into the river and meet her, she laid the child on the grass, sprang into a skiff, seized the oars, and plied them with a will. As she neared the middle of the stream, he saw the Indians coming in full force, yelling, in anticipation of an easy capture. "Wife, wife!" shouted he; "I'm coming; drop down a little lower;" and springing from the crag, descended like an arrow into the water. As he rose panting to the surface, the boat was alongside of him, and his wife helped him to scramble into it, while a shower of arrows and shot fell around the pair. The brave woman wasting none of her strength in words, silently rowed her more dead than alive husband to the bank, straight to the spot where the baby had been left.

In October, 1877, the brigantine Moorburg left Caina, for Melbourne, carrying four seamen, the captain, mate, and last but by no means least, the captain's wife, who was a little delicate woman, and her baby. They had not gone far on their voyage ere the crew fell sick, and one after another died. The mate did not succumb entirely, but became reduced to a skeleton, and was incapable of doing much; while the captain himself was almost in as miserable a plight, his legs having swollen tremendously, and his body being a mass of sores. His wife alone held up under the terrible heat, although she had nursed the sick till they needed nursing no longer, had looked well to her baby's needs, had done duty at the wheel in regular watches, and taken her share of seaman's work besides. To make matters worse, the ship sprung a leak, which the captain luckily was able to stop; and eventually the Moorburg got into harbor, half full of water, with two sick men on board as her crew all told, and a woman at the helm: the gallant woman bringing not only the ship but her baby safe into port.

Some time in 1871, a woman on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on her way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and directed by the lad, climbed to a high place, and looked eagerly around, descried the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey, the boy shouted at it and pelted it with stones; so infuriating the wolf, that it left its meal unfinished, and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror stricken onlooker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone, she rushed on the beast, and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undaunted woman contrived to keep his throat closely enfolded by her left arm, while she battered his head with the stone, and at length killed him. Meanwhile, the villagers had been alarmed, and came hurrying to her aid armed with guns, sticks, and stones; meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood, from terrible wounds in her face, arms, and hands. They carried her to the hospital, where, pitiful to tell, she expired exactly a month afterwards, consoled in her dying hours with believing that she had not sacrificed her life in vain. A false belief, alas! for the shepherd boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

Courageous in another way was a woman of the French Commune, who during that terrible rising had worked day and night in the hospital assisting a certain surgeon, whose services were freely rendered to men with whose cause he had no sympathy. When the insurrection was quelled, the doctor was arrested, and marched off to be tried by drum-head court martial. As he approached the door of the tribunal, he met his late female assistant coming out between two soldiers. "Why," he exclaimed, "how came you here?" Looking hard at him, with unrecognizing eyes, she replied, "I don't know you, sir;" a denial he set down to a fear of acknowledging the acquaintance of a doomed man. Not a little to his surprise, he got off, and was set at liberty; to learn that she had been shot, and was on her way to death when she repudiated all knowledge of him, and forbore appealing for his aid, rather than compromise him, and render his chance a desperate one.

Scientific and Useful.

BLACK INK.—Bruised galls, three pounds; gum and sulphate of iron, of each, one pound; vinegar, one gallon; water, two gallons; macerate with frequent agitation for fourteen days. To produce three gallons.

CELLULOID.—It has recently been discovered that celluloid may be used as a veneer, its great flexibility enabling it to be applied to any surface, whether level or indented. It may thus be used as a facing for decorative mouldings and carvings.

PAPER LEAD PENCILS.—Some firm in Germany is attempting to substitute paper for wood in the manufacture of lead pencils. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled round the core of lead to the required thickness. After the paper is dry it is colored, and it resembles when finished an ordinary cedar lead pencil.

GILDING STEEL.—Polished steel may be beautifully gilded by means of the ethereal solution of gold. Dissolve pure gold in aqua regia, evaporate gently to dryness, so as to drive off the superfluous acid, redissolve in water, and add three times its bulk of sulphuric ether. Allow to stand for twenty-four hours in a stoppered bottle, and the ethereal solution of gold will float at top. Polished steel dipped in this is at once beautifully gilded, and by tracing patterns on the surface of the metal with any kind of varnish, beautiful devices in plain metal and gilt will be produced. For other metals the electro process is best.

MAGNETIC MAGIC WRITING.—An English professor made recently an interesting experiment, which can be used as a secret or magic ink which appear by heat and disappear again by cooling. He took a very thin sheet of hardened steel, and made invisible letters on it by means of a surrounding coil and battery; he found that all the places touched had become permanently magnetized to such a degree that when fine iron-filings were placed upon it, and then the plate turned over to make them fall off again, the iron filings remained on the spot touched with the magnet, and thus made the writing visible. The writing may be rubbed out by brushing the filings away but reappears again when the filings are again applied.

PICTURES BY TELEGRAPH.—The inventor has explained the process for transmitting pictures of natural objects by the telegraph applied in his telephotography. The positive pole of a battery is connected through a set of resistance coils to a piece of platinum wire, and the negative pole to a plate of zinc, upon which is placed a sheet of paper moistened with a solution of potassium iodide. The negative pole of a second battery is connected through a selenium cell with the same platinum wire, and the positive pole to the zinc plate. The point of the platinum wire is pressed upon the paper, and the selenium being exposed to a strong light the variable resistance is so adjusted that the currents from the two batteries, which pass through the paper in opposite directions, exactly neutralize each other. The platinum point will now make no mark when drawn over the paper, but if the selenium is shaded its resistance is immediately increased. The current from the first battery then predominates, and the path of the platinum point across the paper is marked by a brown line due to the liberation of iodide. Designs cut out of tin-foil and projected by a line have been successfully transmitted.

Farm and Garden.

HINTS.—While the sod is soft lawns should be thoroughly rolled. But few plants will develop their flowers in the shade, and none will do it as well as if lighted by sunshine part of the day. Grafts can be set on the last day of May with success, it is said.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Plants which will continue healthy for a long time in the confined air of rooms are generally those which have a peculiar texture or surface in the foliage; such as many of the aloes, cactuses, mesembryanthemums, among what are called succulent plants.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.—To preserve wild or garden flowers, put them into a deep vessel; then entirely cover them with fine silver sand, and put them in a warm place, in order to evaporate the moisture in the flowers. Now remove the sand, and the flowers will be found dried.

HEN-NEST.—To make a hen-nest that only one hen can occupy at a time, take a box 12 inches square without top or bottom, and cut out in one side a door six inches wide and eight inches high. Place the box on the ground, and make the nest with a little soft hay or straw. A hen occupying the nest can easily prevent another from entering.

ONIONS.—Onions require rich soil and clean culture. A newly reclaimed swamp is the best soil, and the longer it is kept in onions the better they succeed. The seed is sown in drills nine to twelve inches apart, and thinned out to three or four inches in the rows. High manuring is required, and with thoroughly rotted stable manure, superphosphate of lime is the best artificial help.

TREES.—If you wish to be successful with trees do not plant large ones; they cost much more than small ones, you lose a larger percentage of them, and the tops of a number die down, while even those which do the best are much longer in starting than smaller ones. Of two persons planting two lots, one of large trees, the other of smaller ones, in a few years the small trees will be the best in value.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.—The efforts of some fruit growers to make all kinds and varieties of their fruit trees to conform to one single idea of pruning and training cannot help but result disastrously, both to some of the trees and to the profits which the grower expects to realize. The fact is made evident when we notice the difference in the habits of growth of some varieties. There is one method which can always be pursued with good results, and is the one adopted by all well informed fruit growers; and that is merely to thin out each year, all dead, dying, or straggling branches, as well as the interfering limbs; and when more pruning is necessary, to reduce the quantity of wood, to make such pruning conform to the well-known habits of growth of the particular variety you are working on.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold. Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, [illegible] cts.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, 1881.

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THE SAFE COURSE.

The only safe course for a young man, who would retain his virtue and his correct principles, it to keep away from temptation. How many have fallen who merely ventured to look at vice in her gaudy colors! Her temptations were too strong for them to resist. They partook of the fatal glass—snatched the gilded treasure, or gave themselves up to uncleanness. None are secure who run in the way of sin—who see how near they can venture on the threshold of vice without entangling their feet in the net of the adversary. Most people have heard the story of the gentleman who advertised for a coachman. Three applicants were admitted to the room. He pointed out to them a precipice, remarking, "How near the edge of this can you drive me without any danger of an upset?" The first applicant replied, "Within a hair's breath."—"How near can you drive me?" asked the gentleman of the second applicant,—"Within a hair's breath," he replied. As the third was about leaving the room, supposing that he had no chance of competing with the other two, the gentleman stopped him. "Let me hear what you have to say," said he. "Why, sir, I cannot compete with either of these; if I were to drive you, I would keep as far off as I possibly could." "You are the man for me," said the gentleman, and he engaged him immediately. In regard to vice, he only is safe who keeps away from temptation. Those who venture near are often upset and destroyed. We can all point to individuals who are lost to virtue, who, when they took the first wrong step, resolved never to take another. It was the voice of a pretended friend, it may be, that urged them on, only for once, but it proved their destruction. Ye who are now safe, whose hearts are not contaminated, listen to the voice of wisdom, and go not where there are strong allurements to vice. Keep away from the gaming-table, the grog-shop, and resorts more questionable. Keep away as far as possible, and a life of integrity and virtue will assuredly be yours.

SANCTUM CHAT.

Some school superintendents says that study after school hours should not be a means of punishment.

—

A clergyman of San Francisco calculates that one-third of that city's population are habitual churchgoers, one-third are skeptical as to religion, and one-third indifferent. The same thing is really true of other cities.

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The number of Chinamen in this country is 105,717 and North America Indians 65,122. "Indians not taxed," that is, Indians in tribal relations under the care of the government, are not included in the above. The Chinaman has already got ahead of the Indian.

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An ingenious individual abroad has been making money by advertising for feminine correspondents with a view to matrimony, and then threatening to publish the letters received by him unless the fair writers paid him to refrain. He was arrested in the post office while taking money thus extorted out of a letter.

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A bill has been introduced in the French Legislature providing that any citizen who loses his life while saving life or property at a fire, any physician who dies while laboring in the hospitals in time of epidemics and any one who dies while endeavoring to save a fellow-being shall be regarded as a soldier slain on the battle-field and insure a double pension to his family.

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The new basket lunch system on the Boston and Albany Railroad grows in favor. Orders are taken by an agent on each train, and telegraphed forward to the station where the baskets are delivered. There are six bills of fare, and the uniform price is forty cents. One bill, for example, comprises two turkey sandwitches, two slices of buttered bread, two boiled eggs,and some pickles. The baskets have neat compartments, and are furnished with plates, knives, forks, and napkins. Extras in the way of fruit, drinks, etc , can be ordered at reasonable prices

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Now that some of the work of the revisers of the New Testament has leaked out, the theologians and critics are engaging in sharp work over passages on which new disputes arise. One of these is the passage in the second chapter of Acts which, according to the old reading, says that the Lord "added to the church daily such as should be saved." The new version reads, "those that were being saved." The old reading has been one of the strongholds of the most severe advocates of the doctrine of the salvation of none but the elect, the idea being that only such as the Lord had chosen for everlasting life had any chance of salvation, and that the rest might take their chances of being damned. The new reading presents the matter in a simple historical light, conveying the idea that those who made profession of religion were really the saved, and not a lot of hypocrites or impostors. This is but one instance of the field which is opened up for new discussion.

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The West End tradesmen of London are trembling for their long credit system, which is, they think, threatened from all sides. No sooner have they convinced themselves that Parliament will not put down the "stores," which offer cheap goods in return for ready money, than they are told that a member of the House of Lords has introduced a bill reducing the time within which actions can be brought for debts under $500 from six years to one. The tradesmen are thunderstruck. A large proportion of their debts are under $500 and perhaps half their customers take over one year's credit, and if it is to be refunded their whole system of business must be revolutionized.

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The influence of the Village Improvement Societies, of which the germ was planted in Massachusetts, about forty years ago, and which have done much within recent years to beautify New England towns, has extended beyond the Rocky Mountains, and bids fair to bring forth good fruit where there is sore need of such a harvest. The small towns of California present a distressing appearance. They were built, for the most part, literally at railroad speed, and a dry climate and dusty soil have gone far to destroy whatever sightliness they may have ever possessed; but they are not beyond the help of improvement societies. A citizen there has offered a prize of twenty dollars for the best hedge, other than cypress, grown in front of any village lot, and societies have been established in several towns. The newspapers have taken up the subject, and there is reason to believe that local pride may be so stimulated as to work an amazing change throughout the State.

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In cases of fatigue from too much brain work, the great thing is to get rest at any cost. By rest we do not mean doing nothing, but rather change of scene; of thought and occupation. If you tell a busy man that he must do nothing, he may endeavor to obey you, but he will soon find out that he cannot, for his brain keeps working in the same old groove, and he is as much in, or even more, worried about his business as if he were still in the thick of it. The great thing is to get a rest by substituting one kind of work by another, to have for a time a nice, comfortable sort of occupation to replace the old weary round of troubles. One of the most important remedial agents is outdoor life and exercise, which may be taken in any form most congenial to the individual—riding, walking, field-sports, or what not. This is at once the most natural and often the most effectual promoter of sleep we can employ.

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What seems at first sight a very startling and paradoxical scientific theory, has been laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. This theory, briefly stated, is that, were it not for dust, we should have no fogs or clouds. In other words, the particles of water vapor in the air will not combine with each other to form a cloud-particle, unless the vapor have a solid nucleus on which to condense. Every drop, therefore, however small, which goes to form the mass of a fog or cloud, has been formerly represented in the atmosphere by a dust-particle, which the vapor condensing upon it has made visible. Strange as this theory first appears, the experiments are clearly in the direction of proving its truth. In one of these experiments, steam was mixed with air in two large glass receivers. One of these receivers was filled with common air; the other, with air which had been carefully passed through a cotton-wool filter, and all dust removed from it. In the unfiltered air, the steam gave the usual and well known cloudy form of condensation; while in the filtered air, no cloudiness whatever appeared.

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The English Government has employed women as telegraphists since 1870. Nominations to compete is given by the Postmaster General. The limits of age are "not under fourteen or over eighteen." They receive about three dollars a week to begin with, the highest scale of paying being eight dollars a week, and they work eight hours a day between the hours of eight A. M. and eight P. M. They formerly worked in separate galleries, but it was found desirable to place them in the same galleries as the men and boys, and the society and mutual influence has been productive of beneficial results. The female telegraphists belong to the class from which assistants behind the counters of shops are recruited; these posts, however, are open to women of all grades. Great accuracy, general intelligence and quickness are required.

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The latest news of Paris fashions is that the dresses for the current year are to remain similar, in all important details, to those worn last year. There are to be no radical changes in the way of colors, or the expansion or lengthening of skirts. Indeed, short skirts will be most worn, and the neutral tints, olive, russet, purple for morning wear, and dead gold and mauve among the light shades, will be still the vogue. There is still the same aversion to blue and all its tints. Bonnets are yet trimmed with scarlet. The wearing of gold ornaments of any kind is interdicted. Women dress with more freedom in France now than they were wont to do and more prettily. The demands of fashion are not so absolute as they were in the days of the Empress Eugenie. Then there was only one way of fitting garments, and no other mode could be tolerated. In order not to patronize any special milliner, the Empress used to have a dozen bonnet makers at court at one time, and a custumier whose duty it was to make designs for new robes. These sketches were examined and debated upon until finally one was chosen. The principal Paris milliners were sure to hear about the new pattern almost immediately after it had been selected, and soon it was to be seen everywhere. In those days Paris dressmakers used to pass the season of Lent in wondering what sort of garments the Empress would appear in at the annual meeting at Longchamps, and immediately afterward all Paris would be demanding to be tricked out in garments and bonnets such as had been worn by the Empress, and her immediate friends. All these has been changed since, and the fashion of to-day is based exclusively upon the caprices of the imagination of such milliners as have succeeded in winning the good graces of about a dozen rich women—mostly Russians and Americans residing in Paris.

"LIVE THEM DOWN."

BY T. E. MITCHELL.

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
  Toiling, striving, day by day;
Journeying painfully and slowly
  On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown;
  Shrink not, fear not—live them down.

Though to vice thou shalt not pander.
  Though to virtue thou may'st kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not slander—
  Jibe and lie thy soul must feel—
Jest of witling—curse of clown—
Heed not either—live them down.

Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
  Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead—
  Envy's spear may pierce thy side,
Lo! through cross shall come the crown—
Fear not foemen—live them down.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

DAY and night passed, and at one o'clock on the following day the jury assembled in the large dining-room that had been the scene so lately of festivity and of death. The case was too plain to admit of much delay; the evidence appeared complete. There could be but one thing wanting—the examination as to the actual cause of what must certainly be "natural death."

When the report of the inquest came, the result was scarcely more explanatory of the sudden catastrophe than the evidence had been. No trace of disease could be ascertained that was sufficient to account for the death. The organs were healthy; no dangerous substances could be detected in the stomach, and the summary of the opinions came to the simple conclusion that there had been too severe a shock of the nervous system in some way, which had suspended the vital functions beyond power of remedy. Then the body was decently laid out, the directions were given for the funeral, and the party dispersed.

Dr. Fitzpatrick's death was a matter of comment in the neighborhood, and of still graver discussion in the household; but ere it had well time to be canvassed as a nine days' wonder, other and fresh topics were to take its place.

The countess had never been seen since the catastrophe. Dr. Sullivan had pronounced that she had sustained a series of shock to her nerves that only time and change of scene could remove, and positively ordered her to arrange for herself some entire change, such as should destroy the painful associations under which she labored.

"Why not leave England for a time?" he said. "You can return ere Lady Isabel and her husband have completed their bridal tour."

"They have not begun it yet," said the countess, gloomily. "Sir Rupert, at least, had the good feeling to remain with me during the late trial."

"Trial, Lady St. Clair?" said the doctor, wonderingly.

"I mean examination," she replied, dreamingly. "My brain is giving way, I believe; and Isabel——"

"What of Lady Isabel?" asked the doctor, gently.

"Is ungrateful for all I have suffered," she said, shortly.

"My dear lady, you must make allowances," remarked the doctor. "Lady Isabel is a bride and an heiress, and we must not wonder if her head is a little turned."

"No," said the countess, calmly; "no, we must not wonder, but we can act, doctor."

The doctor was fairly puzzled, but he deemed it better to say no more to irritate his patient's nerves, and he sought Sir Rupert, to request his interference. The young man listened gravely, and his decision was soon taken.

"Lady St. Clair is in no state to be left alone," he said. "Would it be safe for her to share our intended tour, Doctor Sullivan?"

"If you keep her mind completely distracted from former associations, Sir Rupert," he replied. "All depends on that."

"I will consult Lady Isabel," said Sir Rupert, "and we can decide when you next visit us, doctor."

"Really, Rupert, you are very foolish," was the reply of the haughty beauty, "very absurd. Why, just because mamma chooses to have made a fool of herself about that horrid man's death, we are to have all the restraint and care of her being with us. What is the use of being married if we are to have a nervous old invalid always as a clog on our movements?"

"Your own mother, Isabel!" said Sir Rupert.

"Well, but you are my husband, and I am your wife," she retorted; "and I consider that you ought to think of my health, and comfort, and pleasure, before everything."

"Isabel," said the young man, sternly, "I did consider you far above everything. You are the last who should reproach me with too little love for you, or too much consideration for others. Heaven grant that we may not be too heavily punished for the sin of which we were involuntarily guilty!"

"Rupert Pelham," said a stern voice near him, "Rupert Pelham, save your reproaches to that infatuated girl; she will have her punishment but too soon. The vengeance has begun. For your sake, ay, even for hers, I will hope—I dare not say pray—that it may rest on my head instead of those of the comparatively innocent."

It was Lady St. Clair who spoke. She had entered the room by another door.

Isabel started violently. Her heart failed within her as she looked at her mother's withered face. She knew her too well not to appreciate the full import of the agitation and the warning. Lady Margerie was not one to give such indications of feeling without deep and momentous cause for such weakness. But the girl's nature was proud and passionate as her mother's, and she rebelled against the very terrors that she felt.

"Mamma, this is intolerable!" she exclaimed. "Are we not even to be safe against such eaves-dropping?"

Lady Margerie calmly checked, by a quiet gesture, the efforts of Sir Rupert Pelham to arrest his wife's angry impetuosity.

"Hush!" she said, "hush! I deserve all,—but not at her hands. Child," she continued, solemnly, "you are still innocent enough to pray. Ask pardon for yourself. I dare not hope nor dream of forgiveness; but let not my punishment come from you, for whose sake I have sinned so deeply. Rupert, you have judged aright. I shall go with you. We are safer together,—that is, if there is safety anywhere from the avenger."

She left the room hastily.

"She raves," said Sir Rupert, with an awe-struck air, and also the tone of one who desires to believe what he says.

"Of course," said Isabel, impatiently; "but it should show you, Rupert, that such an idea of her going abroad with us is absolute cruelty to me. I cannot stand these tragedy queen fancies, even from my own mother."

Sir Rupert paused for a moment. The image of the fair, lost Blanche rose before him in all her purity and innocence, and a deep sigh escaped him.

"Rupert, you are mad," continued the girl. "One would imagine you were in love with my mother, instead of me. But the thing is quite settled in my mind, remember."

"So is it in mine, Isabel," replied Sir Rupert, sternly; "your mother shall not leave us. We shall start for the continent in two days from this time."

"Then I shall remain here," she sobbed, passionately.

"Then you will remain alone, Isabel," said Sir Rupert.

"You dare not," she almost screamed, "You dare not behave so to your wife!"

"Yes, if you forget your duty to your husband and your mother," he replied. "Isabel, be advised. I am of your own blood, remember, and will not be trifled with. Either you obey me, or we part, even in the commencement of our wedded life," he said, leaving the room as he spoke.

Lady Isabel did not go into hysterics. She might have done so if her husband had remained; but, as it was, she thought it better to preserve her strength and composure to think over the past and the future.

There was indeed food for meditation, and Isabel mused long and anxiously. Words, looks, small incidents occurred to her mind with startling power, and even as the past rose up before her in all its vividness, a terrible doubt, a startling conviction, kept rising and strengthening within her. And the end of that deep musing was worthy of the training of the daughter of Lady Margerie.

CHAPTER XLVII.

IT was in the blue Mediterranean, under the fair sunny sky of Italy, that the vessel lay which had borne the fair heiress of St. Clair and the guilty handmaid of Lady Margerie, the infatuated agent of Alexander Fitzpatrick, from the land of their birth.

It was but a brief period since Blanche's capture, and yet she felt as if a year had passed since the day when she had been on her way to that well remembered studio. For Blanche St. Clair, the heiress of an earldom and of enormous wealth and honors and estate, had discovered that she did indeed love Sir Evan Leslie as she had never thought to love mortal man. She had been brought up in such utter seclusion, in such stern habits of submission and reverence to her superiors and guardians, and so completely apart from the romance and poetry that make up the life of the majority of the young and beautiful of her sex, that the idea of love was new and foreign and startling to her mind. Marriage she had been taught to look upon as she would on confirmation, or any ordained sacrament of the church. But love, save as the right and dutiful feeling to her destined and rightful husband, had been never presented to her mind. And Sir Evan Leslie had come to her in such an exceptional form, that she had scarcely analysed her feelings toward him. His extreme and touching devotion to herself, the great services he had rendered her, the sacredness with which her grandmother's trust in him had invested him in her eyes, had to a great measure blinded her to the danger for herself. And as for him—how could he be passionately interested in anything but the creation of great works of art?

Therefore did Blanche listen and talk, and look and think, and never dreamed of the danger to herself and to him, till the great awakening of absence came, and not alone of absence. True, she had longed, far more eagerly than she would confess to herself, for the hour when her duty to her grandmother and her promises to Sir Evan would make it necessary to revisit him. And her heart had beat violently enough to warn her of the truth, as she took her way to the well-known spot. But still, what could be more natural than that she should be thus agitated at the idea of again seeing the strange monument to her own memory, for which she was the living model, and of hearing some tidings of the relatives from whom she had for so many months been secluded?

It never occurred to her to speculate whether this was love; her mind was so pure and childlike that it was scarcely enough occupied with self to speculate on the idea whether it was any feeling save gratitude and esteem.

But in the long and intimate communings between her and the penitent Rosalie the truth had been revealed, and in this wise; Blanche had questioned the girl, so far as her promise would permit, on all that had occurred since her supposed death at St. Clair, and then she had begged Rosalie to give her a detailed account of her capture.

"I was escaping from the country," repeated the girl, for she had made the same statement before, "and I took refuge in Sir Evan Leslie's house."

"Did you see him?" Blanche inquired.

"No, Miss Blanche, he was absent," replied Rosalie.

"Absent!" exclaimed Blanche. "Are you sure?"

"I am quite sure," replied Rosalie. "The statue was there, and so beautiful, so like yourself!"

"Strange," said the girl, "very strange." There was a pause. Then she asked quickly, though her very voice was shaking: "And was there no one there—no trace of where he had gone?"

"None, Miss Blanche; only some blood on the floor and on the couch near the statue, and some spots all down the stairs."

"Was he murdered then?" asked Blanche, shuddering.

"No, no, Miss Blanche," replied Rosalie, hurriedly. "There are few murders in the island—at least, of that kind," she added, with a shudder. "Why should there be, Miss Blanche?"

"Because I seem to bring misery and ruin on all," she answered, sadly. "Oh Rosalie, it is very dreadful. Poor, poor Evan!"

Yes, he was "Evan" now, and the confessed lover of her heart, the dearest of all created beings.

"And who is this Evan?" asked the unknown captain; "this very pitiable gentleman?"

"One to whom I owe life, and more than life," replied the girl, calmly.

"And to whom you were to be married?" he asked.

"No, but to whom I would willingly give myself and all that I have," said the girl, passionately bursting into tears.

Yes, it was confessed to her own heart now,—she loved him, passionately, deeply, devotedly, as only such a woman can love, whose feelings have not been frittered away in passing flirtations, and whose every quality is strong and deep and earnest. And he was gone! He had suffered for her, perhaps died for her. She had embittered the last months of his life and hastened his death. Better have died than have brought ruin and misery and death on one so noble and so good. What recked to her whether her false lover and her treacherous cousin enjoyed the wealth and station procured them by another's crime? What mattered it if the guilty Lady Margerie escaped without the shame and punishment she deserved?

The kind old grandfather had sunk to the grave mourning his lost darling; his stern, yet loving countess was fast following him to the tomb, and Sir Evan Leslie was a victim for her sake. There was little to make life dear, far less to tempt her to covet the wealth and rank she had so strangely lost.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE vessel bearing Blanche and the maid of Lady Margerie was entering the Mediterranean, and bound for the fair city of Genoa. It did not appear that the mysterious captain was afraid to betray his presence either to his own or foreign nations, for he displayed his flag and the name of his bark without any attempt at disguise or concealment. Still when, reaching his destination, he cast anchor, he did not land his fair freight. He left them under the charge of the man whom he had employed to bring Blanche to the vessel, and with strict directions that they were to remain on board till his return, however long it might be delayed. He had never given Blanche the slightest hint of his name, and Rosalie had told her once (and only once would she enter on the subject) that she was nearly as ignorant as herself on that point.

"I do not know his right name, Miss Blanche," said the girl; "I only know him as Captain Wilmot, and I believe that he is not a St Clair. He is scarcely of their blood or race, he has nothing like what I have seen, and still more what I have heard my mother say, were the marks of your family. But he knows your own and Lady Cecily's story, and he has that in his possession which proves he is of your kin."

"And what is that, Rose?" asked Violet, eagerly.

"I dare not say," was the reply. "I must not, Miss Blanche; but be patient, and you will know all in time."

Patient! Yes, the poor girl could be patient so far as her own fate was concerned; but where was Sir Evan Leslie? Was the fearful fate that might have befallen him to be wrapt in mystery, and were his villainous persecutors to go scathless and free, while she floated on in this dreamy, monotonous, dreary life in the Mediterranean?

When three days had passed and Captain Wilmot had not returned, the suspense and monotony grew almost intolerable. Morning faded into evening, and evening deepened into night; and then the morning rose again in its southern splendor, whether the hours were winged by happiness or laden with sorrow and impatience.

On the fourth day after the captain's departure Blanche saw, from her usual station on the deck, that a small boat was rowing toward their vessel from the shore, which the clear atmosphere soon made yet plainer to her hopeful eyes. In a few minutes her hopes strengthened into certainty, and the well-known features of Captain Wilmot were plainly visible as he came alongside his vessel. He looked pale, but there was unconcealed satisfaction in his face, and Blanche felt confident that whatever had been the business that had kept him on shore, its results had been as satisfactory as she might have wished. His first words, after the ordinary salutations, confirmed that belief.

"Miss St. Clair," said he, "will you kindly prepare to go with me to shore in about an hour? Rosalie, you will also accompany us. Get all ready at once."

"Am I to take anything for my young lady, sir?" she asked.

"A true soubrette's leading question," he cried. "No, Rosalie; it is probable that we may return on board this vessel, and therefore you need only prepare for a simple row to shore. Should there be anything wanted, it is easily procured on shore."

The hopes of the two girls fell. Both hearts had beat high with anticipated freedom, with the idea of some strange discoveries, some important events; but now there seemed only an ordinary excursion to land in store for them, and Rosalie did not scruple to express her vexation.

"It is false and wrong," she said. "He told me that much might happen during his absence, though I was not to excite you by telling you that it could relate to you. And now, it ends in this. Oh, Miss Blanche, shall I never be able to repair the past?"

"Dear Rosalie," replied Blanche, smiling sadly, "do not reproach yourself needlessly. It is impossible to recall the past, and I can scarcely anticipate the future with hope or interest. All happiness for me on earth is gone now."

Rosalie's lips quivered. Her passionate nature would have taken any means to avenge and to undo the past; but she could not brook this eventless, cold, unknowing suspense—this inaction—this calm hopelessness on that fair girl's part. It was intolerable. And as they stepped once again on the shore, and she gazed on the dark face and flashing eyes of those Southern children of passion and poetry, she felt a wild desire to claim their aid in the deeds she longed to accomplish. She had sinned for selfish, evil ends; she was willing to sin again for what she believed to be good and just.

Alas, poor Rosalie. Her nature was scarcely yet chastened by the fiery ordeal she had gone through.

There was a strange contrast between these two young English girls, and the eyes alike of their own countrymen and the more impulsive and demonstrative Italians were riveted upon them as they walked up the quay to where a carriage was in waiting for them. Even in that short distance they excited curiosity and remark. The beautiful, rich, dark hair; the large, brilliant eyes; the graceful forms, were in themselves enough to rivet attention to each in their different stations. But that was not all. The calm, aristocratic grace, the self-possessed, patient expression, that gave almost angelic loveliness to the fair heiress of St. Clair, contrasted strangely with the restless, eager disquiet in the almost equally beautiful Rosalie, and the strongly-marked, handsome, yet unpleasing features of their escort. That the lovelier of the two was also the higher in rank, and that the sailor-captain was not one to be trifled with, nor unworthy to be the guardian of that lovely girl, was quite plain to the quick-witted Italians; while the English observers exchanged looks and passing expressions of wonder at the three strangely-matched companions.

At length the carriage hid them from observation, and drove off at a brisk pace, far more rapid than is usual in an Italian town, where all are accustomed to take life and its events in the same indolent way.

"Will you not tell me where we are going—to whom you are taking me?" said Blanche, in a calm, yet earnest tone.

"In a little time you will know all, Blanche," he replied, "only trust me a little longer, and you shall find that I have been working for your good, or at least what will result in such. I do not pretend to any angelic disinterestedness, though I may like to combine other persons' interests with my own."

"You do not do yourself justice," said the girl kindly. "I have trusted you, and will continue to do so. Something told me from the first that you were not one to harm a helpless and innocent girl."

"Perhaps you were right," he said, musingly,—"perhaps you are right; and at least the trust does me good—re-unites me once more to the beautiful, and young, and good; and you shall not repent it, Blanche St. Clair."

There was silence, deep silence, as they drove on at the same rapid rate as before. A few minutes more, and then the carriage stopped at the door of a villa in a secluded and private part of the environs of the town. There was a brief parley between the driver of the vehicle and the servant, who appeared at the steps, and then the captain turned to the two young girls.

"Will you alight, Blanche?" he said, "I have urgent business for you to transact."

The girl hesitated.

"You said you trusted me, Blanche," he said.

"I do," she said; "but remember all I have gone through."

"True," he said; "and you will need all your courage now, my poor girl. Blanche, all depends upon your firmness—all, remember. But you can be trusted. And now for scene the first."

He ascended the steps, leading the young girl, and followed by Rosalie. Then he turned back once more, and whispered to the young attendant.

Blanche saw from that moment Rosalie did not follow them, but her own agitation was too great for her specially to remark the remainder of the transit to the apartment to which her strange guide conducted her. As he led her up the last short flight of the broad marble stairs, he whispered. "Blanche, be trustful and be calm. Nothing but good is intended for you, and all depends on yourself; only be prepared for all."

Perhaps it was scarcely a good preparation for the scene that might await the girl, to warn her thus of the agitation that might be in store. But Blanche St. Clair was no ordinary girl, and the slight compression of her lips and the deep-drawn sigh she gave as she ascended the few remaining steps, showed the determined spirit within her.

At the top of the staircase was a door that opened into a small suite of apartments, barring them as effectually as an English street door from all without. Captain Wilmot (the only name by which Blanche knew him) gave a slight tap at the door; it opened as by an invisible hand, and they entered the short vestibule to the suite of rooms to which the door opened. Three chambers formed the suite; two of them were partially exposed by the door of the outer one standing ajar, and Captain Wilmot led Blanche on into the inner one.

The girl's color changed, and her heart beat high and quick as she went on to the inner chamber, which was evidently the sleeping room. It was partially lighted, only the fast declining gleam of day was excluded and obscured by the heavy curtains and closed shutters. No one appeared to be in the room save the occupant of the large bed.

And now Blanche's heart beat high as she looked on that well-known, aged face. The stern, decided features, the closed eyes, the smooth white hair, banded back underneath the large frilled cap. How long it was since she had gazed on those features!—and yet how familiar, how ever-present had they been to her mind—the features of the Countess of St. Clair—her aged, venerated grandmother! Blanche paused for a moment on the threshold, then the captain motioned to her to advance, and she crept softly in.

The countess breathed heavily. The girl raised the curtain that shut out light and air, and opened the closed windows, after which she sat down by the bed, on which the breeze now blew sweet and fresh. As she did so, either the pure air or the rustle of her garments disturbed the sleeper. The light streamed on the young girl's face and figure. Lady St. Clair gazed at her awhile in silence and in astonishment.

"Blanche," she said, in a deep and awful whisper.

The girl was not prepared for the interview, and she felt a thrill through her frame at the sound of the well-remembered voice. She took the hand that lay outside the bed, and clasped it gently.

"Grandmamma!" she whispered.

"Has a spirit such soft hands?" said the countess, tremulously.

"It is not a spirit; it is your Blanche herself," said the young girl, in a soothing voice; and bending down she kissed the withered features, now sharper and more harsh from the ravages of illness and anxiety.

"Stand back!—stand in the light!" said Lady St. Clair, sitting up in her bed, and speaking with a touch of her old imperiousness.

The girl drew back, and stood where the rays of the setting sun fell on her face, like a glory round the fair features. The countess looked on her with bewilderment.

"My fancy has come true then," she said,—"my blessed fancy! I felt that it would. I felt that my child lived. Why did you hide yourself from me, Blanche?"

"I dared not make my existence known to you, grandmamma," she said. "I feared for you and dear grandpapa. I feared, too, for myself. But I am with you now. Feel my hands, my dress—kiss my cheeks—assure yourself of the reality of the joyful present. I am indeed your own spoiled, petted Blanche, strong and well, and come to nurse you back to life again."

"Those are the loving words of my Blanche," said the countess, musingly. "But still it is beyond my comprehension, even now."

"Lie still, dear grandmamma, and compose yourself," said the girl. "There is plenty of time to hear and think over all that has taken place. Only get well, and we shall be so happy."

Her voice trembled, and there was that in her heart that did not speak of happiness.

Another figure now advanced in the room—the tall, stalwart form of Captain Wilmot.

"Lady St. Clair," he said, "you have strength, energy, and firmness beyond your sex. Your grandchild has indeed been rescued from dangers almost past belief. She will still need your protection, your support, and courage; and you will give all to the injured daughter of Lady Cecily St. Clair and Walter Mortimer."

The countess started.

"And who are you?" she asked, hurriedly, staring wildly at the stern face and strong form before her. "Has the other world given back the departed to life? Has it yielded up its tenants to reproach the living and avenge the dead?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Human Differences.—In the habit, common among primitive tribes, of letting the woman subsist on the leavings of the men, and in the accompanying habit of denying to the younger men certain choice viands which the older men eat, we see the proclivity of the strong to feed themselves at the expense of the weak; and when there arise class divisions there habitually results better nutrition of the superior than of the inferior. In the Society Islands the lower classes often suffer from a scarcity of food, which never extends to the upper classes. In the Sandwich Islands the flesh of such animals as they have is eaten principally by the chiefs. Of cannibalism among the Fijians. The common people throughout the group, as well as women of all classes, were by custom debarred from it. These instances sufficiently indicate the contrast that everywhere arises between the diets of the ruling few and of the subject many. And then by such differences of diet, and accompanying differences in clothing, shelter and strain on the energies, are eventually produced physical differences. Of the Fijians we read that the chiefs are tall, well made, and muscular, while the lower orders manifest the meagreness arising from laborious service and scanty nourishment. The chiefs among the Sandwich Islands are tall and stout, and their personal appearance is so much superior to that of the common people that some have imagined them a distinct race. Among the Tahitians the chiefs are, almost without exception, as much superior to the peasantry in physical strength as they are in rank and circumstances. This is in a measure true also of more civilized nations.

Ways of Committing Suicide.—Wearing thin shoes on damp nights and in rainy weather. Building on the "air-tight" principle. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness. Going to balls through all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing in crowded rooms till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp night air. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bedrooms. Surfeiting on hot and highly-stimulating dishes. Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction. Eating without time to masticate the food. Allowing love of gain so to absorb our minds as to leave us no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it. Tempting the appetite with niceties, when the stomach says no. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Retiring at midnight and rising at noon. Giving way to fits of anger. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

Little Gracie, who was quite familiar with the hurdy-gurdy and its simian attachment, but who was making her first acquaintance with the church organ, watched the player long and earnestly. Finally her eye caught the blower, pumping up and down in the background. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "that's the biggest monkey I ever did see."

If a man sitting on a chair is shot at, he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit in his chest.

Parted in Anger.

BY MAUD MURRAY

AGNES you silly little wife. You are not really out of temper about such a trifle! Look up, and laugh, or I shall think you are pouting in earnest."

The young husband of two months' standing put his hand under his wife's chin as he spoke, and strove to raise the pretty face that was hiding its charms under a frown. But Agnes Ray shook off the loving hand, and turned away coldly.

"You may call it out of temper or pouting, whichever you choose," said she; "but I am annoyed with you, and I don't feel at all inclined to laugh. You promised to take me to the Morris's ball, and now, when I have been looking forward to it and preparing my dress and promised myself several dances, you say you cannot go because your father is ill. He is no worse than he has been, and will probably linger on in this state month after month. Do you suppose I am not to go out all through the winter? I wish I hadn't married."

Edmund Ray's pleasant good-looking face darkened with pain and annoyance at his wife's fretful, angry words, and he struggled to regain his temper before he answered her.

"You are saying what you do not mean, Agnes," he said, coldly, "and you will be very sorry for it afterwards. I shall come home by the five o'clock express, and if you have recovered your temper you can order the horses, and we will go for a ride before dinner. Good-bye."

Leaving the house, for the first time since their marriage, without a parting kiss, Edmund Ray wended his way to the station, and was soon being whirled along towards his office; while Agnes, struggling hard to repress the tears that would force their way to her pretty blue eyes, stood by the window, listening to the sound of the train dying away in the distance.

They had parted in anger, and woman like Agnes would have given worlds now to have recalled all that she had said, and to have given the kiss of peace he had asked for in vain.

Edmund Ray was a barrister, living some thirty miles from the city, and consequently Agnes passed many hours of the day alone; but never had she felt them so long and wearisome as they were that morning. She ordered the dinner, rearranged the flowers in her vases, wrote her letters, and a note to Mrs. Morris, to say they would be unable to come to her ball, and long before it was necessary, put on her riding habit, that she might be ready for Edmund when he came home; then, ordering the groom to bring the horses round at five o'clock precisely, she took a book, and sat down in her pretty little drawing room, to while away the time till she heard the train approaching that was to bring her husband home. She had no fears as to their meeting after their quarrel. She knew well enough that she had only to give a smile to receive one in return from her loving young husband, and with a happy light in her eyes she took up her book, and was soon deep in the absorbing pages. The tramp of horses' feet aroused her, and, going to the door, she found the groom standing there with the two horses, ready saddled.

"You are too early, Baynes," she said. "It is not five yet, and your master is not come home."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," replied the man, touching his hat, "but it's ten minutes past five, and I didn't know whether maybe you'd ride to the station and meet master. The express ain't in yet."

Agnes paused, and hesitated. She rather wished to meet her husband quietly at home, that she might tell him how sorry she was to have behaved ill to him; but her pretty chestnut mare was prancing and curvetting and gathering her skirt round her, she said:

"Very well, Baynes. Bring Zulieka near, and you can mount Julius and walk [illegible] from the station."

The man obeyed, and they rode gently to the little country station. As they approached it she saw her father, who lived a few miles off, riding towards it, and turned her horse to meet him.

"Well, Agnes," he exclaimed, smiling, "are you come to meet your husband, like a dutiful wife? I am expecting Lawson down to spend a few days with me, and am come to look after him. How late the express is! I'll run in and see how soon they expect it."

He dismounted from his horse, and entered the station, while Agnes sat on her horse watching the people coming to meet friends or depart themselves. Mr. Wynyard stayed several minutes in the station, and when he rejoined her, there was a look on his pale face that made his daughter's heart give a dull thump at her side, and made her feel sick and faint.

"Be brave, my girl, and make up your mind to bear a little suspense," he said, laying his hand quietly on hers. "There has been an accident on the line. The five o'clock express has [illegible] over the embankment, and several passengers are [illegible] and wounded. I am going up the line now on an engine they are going to send, and I'll bring Edmund back with me, I hope. Trust in God, my child. He may be all safe and sound. Go home, and wait as patiently as you can."

Agnes heard him through. Her heart was beating with slow, heavy pulsations, and a numbness stole over her whole body; but she did not cry or faint. One deep, heavy breath she drew, then in cold, hard tones, asked:

"May I not come on the engine with you?"

"My poor child!" said Mr. Wynyard, "you must not. Edmund would not wish it. Probably he is staying to help the wounded. Go home, my child; I must be off. Be brave!"

She stooped and kissed him quietly and silently; and then, with fixed, unseeing eyes, and pale stony face, rode home. Home to the empty house, the loud ticking clock, and the dull gnawing agony of her fearful waiting! She felt no doubt about his fate. From the moment that she heard her father's words a deadly certainty that she should see Raymond no more alive took possession of her. They had parted in anger for the first time, and she felt sure that, by one of those strange fatalities, they would never meet again.

Night came and brought the return of the father. But he had heard nothing of Edmund. They were still searching for the bodies. How Agnes passed the night may well be imagined.

The dull grey light broke at last. Agnes threw up the window that the fresh morning breeze might cool her aching, burning brow, and leant out to gaze with heavy swollen eyes on the lovely scene before her, though all unconscious of its loveliness. Her father, worn out with sitting up hour after hour in vain endeavors to soothe her wild agony of grief, lay sleeping heavily on the sofa, his wrinkled face looking more wrinkled, and his grey hair greyer in the clear light of the early morning.

Oppressed by the dull stupor that follows excessive weeping, Agnes stood leaning against the window, listening to the [illegible] of the passing laborer or the clang clang of the gardener sharpening his scythe, as he mowed the lawn, unconscious that his master was a mangled corpse and his mistress a widow, for he had left his work before the report had reached the servants' ears.

The distant roar of an approaching train struck on her ears, and Agnes shivered at the terrible sound, and, cowering down on the stone steps of the window sill, buried her face in her hands to shut out sight and sound, and all that reminded her of the terrible grief that had come on her young life. She so far succeeded, that she heard nothing of an approaching step on the gravel, but sat on, buried in her bitter thoughts, till the sound of her name in a well known voice made her spring to her feet with a wild cry, and in another moment she was in her husband's arms!

"My own Agnes—my darling! what does this mean?" he asked in bewildered surprise, which was [illegible] by her excited answer.

"Oh Edmund, Edmund!" she cried—"they said you were killed. Edmund—my husband!"

"Who said"—[illegible]" asked the astonished young man, but he could gain no answer, till Mr. Wynyard, roused from his sleep by his daughter's cry, came forward and [illegible] the events of yesterday [illegible].

"[illegible] I never was in it," he replied. "Did not Agnes get my note?"

"No. Agnes [illegible]," replied the father, "[illegible] the passengers [illegible] before it [illegible]. You were [illegible] of the first cars [illegible] they were smashed, and nearly all the passengers killed."

"That's [illegible]," replied Edmund with a grave face, "but before the train started I received a telegram to say that my father was worse, and [illegible] me to come to him immediately. I wrote a line on a leaf of my pocket-book, to tell Agnes what had happened, and gave it to [illegible] who was sitting by my side, begging him to [illegible] Agnes [illegible]. I [illegible] father who died at two o'clock this morning, and as soon as I could get away I came home. [illegible] Agnes [illegible] returned!"

A[illegible] pale face [illegible] joy, [illegible].

"Oh Edmund! it made it doubly dreadful to think we had parted in anger!"

EASTER EGGS.—The use of eggs at Easter does not seem to relate to any Christian symbolism, nor does there appear to be any [illegible] why they should be considered typical of the Resurrection. In [illegible] the egg was [illegible] Venus [illegible], and may [illegible] April, [illegible] Venus [illegible] Easter [illegible]. From [illegible] was taken by Christianity.

Four St. Louis pastors have $[illegible] salaries.

New Publications

A translation of Alfred Barbou's "Victor Hugo," is just ready for issue by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. Its statements of fact have been approved by Hugo himself.

S. C. Griggs & Co. announce for immediate issue a compilation by K. B. Turner, of the [illegible] from the famous sermons of Frederic W. Robertson.

Prof. Wm. Mathews has prepared a new book said to equal if not surpass, the best of his former works and which is now passing through the press of [illegible] Griggs & Co.

Probably the most [illegible] and extensive [illegible] of [illegible] and Political Economy [illegible] is that of Prof. L. [illegible] of the University of France, at Paris. S. C. Griggs & Co. [illegible] a translation of this [illegible] work by Prof. M. J. McMahon.

MAGAZINES.

There are fifteen articles in the April Popular Science Monthly, all of them readable and instructive, and several of them of great practical value. Herbert Spencer opens the number with his sixth paper on "The Development of Political Institutions," [illegible] "The Black Race [illegible]" [illegible] Dr. Felix L. Oswald continues [illegible] of the subject of "[illegible]," in an article on "Out-door Life." In the paper on "The History of Chronology," by Professor E. S. Burns, we have a very intelligible account of the methods employed by the ancients in measuring time. "Some Notes on a Doctor's Liability," by Oliver E. Leman is a [illegible] of the legal responsibilities of physicians. "The Origin and Construction of Volcanic Cones," by Mr. Johnston Lavis, is an [illegible] of the formation of those portions of volcanoes that rise above the general level of the earth's surface. Mr. Charles Morris contributes a long article entitled "Man and the Vertebrate Series," which [illegible] Jr. writes briefly on "The Relative Hardiness of Plants," and in the next article, also [illegible] "The [illegible]" [illegible] M. E. [illegible] We [illegible] the Editor's Table, [illegible] but the other departments are full and varied.

What more could a juvenile reader desire [illegible] Wide Awake [illegible] of which gives a charming variety, opening with an exquisite sunny spring day frontispiece "A Joyous Little Maid," drawn by the young New York artist, Miss [illegible] by Miss Whitney, which is interesting as being a [illegible] of New England [illegible] by Mrs. E. W[illegible] [illegible] Miss L. B. [illegible] a poem [illegible] by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston. A [illegible] story is by Mrs. Alfred Macy of Nantucket: "A Quaker [illegible]" [illegible] Miss Harris [illegible] The prize competition for drawings in black and white for young people under eighteen years of age is extended to May 15.

The juvenile publication, that Little Ones [illegible] charming, yet the April number seems more charming than any. Published by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston.

The Nursery for April is attractive enough [illegible] playthings [illegible]. Published by the Nursery Publishing Co., Boston.

New [illegible]

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, [illegible]

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. [illegible] elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Beatty's Organ Works.

A DELIGHTFUL TRIP FREE FROM PHILADELPHIA TO WASHINGTON, N. J., VIA NORTH PENN, LEHIGH VALLEY AND MORRIS AND ESSEX RAIL ROADS.

Those who contemplate visiting Washington, New Jersey, to select one of Beatty's Organs in person, will please observe the following rules and regulations.

Leave Philadelphia (Third and Berks) at [illegible] A. M., via North Penn Railroad to Bethlehem, touching Quakertown, Coopersburg, Fort Washington, and [illegible] of interest. Near the city the country is dotted with elegant suburban residences, while farther away [illegible] farming lands expand on either hand. [illegible] At Easton [illegible] for Washington, N. J., via Morris & Essex [illegible] New Jersey [illegible] an all-rail route, with immediate connections and no vexatious delays.

At Washington, N. J., a [illegible] will be waiting for you at [illegible]. You will have

TWO [illegible] HOURS AT WASHINGTON,

giving you a chance to go through Beatty's Organ Factory, where you will be shown how organs are [illegible]. You will have time to visit the Mayor's office [illegible] where [illegible] letters are on file, [illegible] department [illegible] Beatty Music Hall [illegible] Sergeant Beatty.

Leave Washington at [illegible] P. M., arrive at Bethlehem [illegible] Philadelphia (Third and Berks) [illegible] in time for any engagement for the evening you may have made.

A FREE EXCURSION.

This delightful excursion is given FREE to any purchaser of an Organ or Piano who [illegible] good hotel [illegible] and a cordial welcome are extended to all.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—WILBOR'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME has now been before the public twenty years, and has steadily grown in favor and appreciation. This could not be the case unless the preparation was of high intrinsic value. The combination of the Phosphate of Lime with pure Cod-Liver Oil as prepared by Dr. Wilbor, has produced a new phase in the treatment of consumption and all diseases of the lungs. This article can be taken by the most delicate invalid without creating the disgusting nausea which is such an objection to the Cod-Liver Oil when taken without Lime. It is prescribed by the regular faculty. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, and by all druggists.

The Farm and Garden.

We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of W. Atlee Burpee & Co., in another column. Knowing the firm intimately, we cordially commend them to all desiring to purchase seeds, etc., as we have the fullest confidence that they will perform all they promise.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Drowsiness, biliousness, pains and aches and ague, Hop Bitters always cures. Read advertisement.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

[illegible] New York.

02 YOUR NAME [illegible] American Card Co. [illegible]

ANY GENT [illegible] New York.

CARD COLLECTORS.

25 samples of [illegible] Sets, Picture Cards with advertisements of [illegible] A. D. GILBERT, P.M., Higganum, Conn.

[illegible] EXPENSES [illegible] circulars [illegible]

50 BEAUTIFUL ALL NEW designs of Butterfly, Dragon fly, Robin Redbreast, Pinks, Pansies, Violets and [illegible] Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

Fac-Similes of U.S. Treasury and National Bank Bills.

CONSISTING of nine exact imitations of United States Treasury notes and nine of National Bank bills, in in all of various denominations. [illegible] money they are invaluable. Price [illegible]

P. O. Box 1301. [illegible]

REVISED NEW TESTAMENT

[illegible]

80 Lovely Moss Rose & card [illegible] name on, 10c. A 32 col. story paper FREE with every order. American Publishing Co., West Haven, Ct.

50 [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THE STORY OF PUFF.

BY A. MATHESON

I AM one of seven kittens. Very much to the grief and sorrow of my poor patient mother, all the rest of my little brothers and sisters met with a watery grave.

The very earliest thing that I can remember is being taken up in the arms of a pretty young lady. I was two months old then, and had been playing with a ball of worsted, which I had succeeded in getting entangled among the chair legs.

"Oh, what a dear, beautiful, wee puss!" said this young miss, holding me round, so that she might look at my face. "And, oh!" she added, "it has such lovely blue eyes, and such a nice long snow white coat."

"You may have it, Laura dear," said my mistress, "if you will be kind to it."

"Thank you so very much," said Laura, "and I know I shall be fond of it always."

Laura liked me, and romped with me morning and night, it is true, but although cats are ever so fond of attention and of romps, they cannot live upon either, and often and often I have gone hungry to my saucer and found it empty, which made me feel very cold and sad and dispirited. Yet, in spite of this, I grew to be very fond indeed of my new mistress, and as I sometimes managed to catch a mouse I was not so very badly off after all.

When I gazed at Miss Laura's gentle face and her sweet eyes—they were just like my own—I could not help thinking that if she only knew how hungry and cold I often was, she would surely feed me twice a day at least. But my crowning sorrow was to come; and this was nothing less than the loss, I fear entirely, of my mistress's affection.

My grief was all the more bitter in that I was in some measure to blame for it myself. You see, I was a growing cat, and every day the pangs of hunger seemed more difficult to bear, so one day, when left by myself in the kitchen, I found out a way to open the cupboard, and—pray do not blame me, I do think if you had seen all the nice things therein, and felt as hungry as I felt, you would have tasted them too.

One little sin begets another, and before two months were over I was known in the kitchen as "that thief of a cat." I do not think Miss Laura knew of my depredations down stairs, for I was always honest in the parlor, and she would, I feel certain, have forgiven me even if she had known. As I could not be trusted in the kitchen, I was nearly always turned out of doors at night. This was exceedingly unkind, for it was often dark and rainy and cold, and I could find but little shelter. I always came home at the time the milk arrived in the morning, however, and even now, had my young mistress only fed me, I would have changed my evil courses at once. But she did not.

Now this constant stopping out in all weathers began to tell on my beautiful coat, it was no longer silky and snow white. It became matted and harsh, and did show the dirt, so much so that I was quite ashamed to look in the glass. And always, too, I was so tired, all through my wanderings when I returned of a morning, that I did nothing all day but nod drowsily over the fire. No wonder Miss Laura said one day:

"Oh, pussy, pussy! you do look dirty and disreputable. You are no longer the lovely creature you once were, I cannot care for such a cat as you have grown."

But I still loved her, and a kind word from her lips or a casual caress was sure to make me happy, even in my dullest of moods.

The end came sooner than I expected, for one day Miss Laura went from home very early in the morning. As soon as she was gone, Mary Jane, the servant, seized me rudely by the neck. I thought she was going to kill me outright.

"I'll take good care, my lady," she said, "that you don't steal anything at any rate for four-and-twenty hours to come."

Then she marched up stairs with me, popped me into my mistress's bedroom, locked the door, and went away chuckling. There was no one else in the room, only just myself and the canary. And all that long day no one ever came near me with so much as a drop of milk. When night came I tried to sleep on Miss Laura's bed, but the pangs of hunger effectually banished slumber. When day broke I felt certain somebody would come to the door. But no. I thought this was so cruel of Mary Jane, especially as I had no language in which to tell my mistress, on her return, of my sufferings. Towards the afternoon I felt famishing, and then my eyes fell upon the canary.

"Poor little thing!" said I, "you, too, are neglected and starving."

"Tweet, tweet!" said the bird, looking down at me with one eye.

"Now, dicky," I continued, "I'm going to do you a great kindness. If you were a very, very large bird, I should ask you to eat me and put me out of all this misery."

"Tweet, tweet!" said the bird, very knowingly, as much as to say, "I would do it without the slightest hesitation."

"Well," said I, "I mean to perform the same good office for you. I cannot see you starving there without trying to ease your sufferings, and so——"

Here I sprang at the cage. I draw a veil over what followed.

And now my appetite was appeased, but my conscience was awakened. However should I be able to face my mistress again? Hark! what is that? It is Miss Laura's footstep on the stair. She is singing as sweetly as only Laura can. She approaches the door; her hand is on the latch. I can stand it no longer. With one bound, with one wild cry, I dash through a pane of glass, and drop almost senseless on to the lawn beneath the window.

It was sad enough to have to leave my dear mistress and my dear old home, which despite all I had endured, I had learned to love as only we poor pussies can love our homes. But my mind was made up. I had eaten Miss Laura's pet canary and I dared never, never look her in the face again.

Till this I had lived in the sweet green country, but now I wandered on and on, caring little where I went or what became of me. At last I got to this city, where I met many cats who, like myself, seemed to be outcasts, and had never known the pleasures of home and love. They told me they lived entirely by stealing, at which they were great adepts, and on such food as they picked out of the gutter. They listened attentively to my tales of the far off country. In return for my stories they taught me—or rather, tried to teach me—to steal cleverly, not clumsily, as country cats do. But, alas! I could not learn, and I got so thin at last that I could barely totter along.

One evening a large black tom cat who was a great favorite of mine, and often brought me tit-bits, said to me:

"There's a few of us going out shopping to-night; will you come?"

"I'll try," I answered feebly, "for I do feel faint and sick and hungry."

We tried some fish shop first, and were very successful, then we went to another shop. Ill as I was, I could not help admiring the nimble way my Tom, as I called him, sprang on to a counter and helped himself to a whole string of delicious sausages. I tried to emulate Tom's agility, but oh, dear! I missed my footing and fell down into the very jaws of a terrible dog.

How I got away I never could tell, but I did, and wounded and bleeding sorely, I managed to drag myself down a quiet street and into a garden, and there, under a bush I lay down to die. It was pitilessly cold, and the rain beat heavily down, and the great drops fell through the bush and drenched me to the skin. Then the cold and pain seemed all at once to leave me. I had fallen into an uneasy doze, and I was being chased once more by dogs with large eyes and faces, up and down in long wet streets where the gas flickered, through many a muddy pool. Then I thought I found myself once again in the fields near my own home, with the sun brightly shining and the birds making the air ring with their music. Then I heard a gentle voice saying:

"Now, Mary, I think that will do. The cheese box and cushion make such a nice bed for her; and when she awakens give the poor thing that drop of warm milk and sugar."

I did awake, and was as much surprised as pleased to find myself in a nice warm room, and lying not far from the fire. A neatly dressed servant girl was kneeling near me and not far off a lady dressed in black sat sewing.

This, then, was a new mistress, and—I was saved. How different she was from poor Miss Laura, who, you know, did not mean to be cruel to me. This lady was very, very kind to me, though she made but little fuss about it. Her thoughtfulness for all my comforts and her quiet caresses soon brought me back again to life, and now I feel sure I am one of the happiest of cats alive. My mistress has a canary, but I would not touch it for worlds. Oh! an evening when the gas is lighted, and a bright fire burning in the grate, we all sing together—that is, the kettle, the canary, and myself. They say I am very beautiful, and I believe they are right, for I have twice got a prize at a cat show, and hope to win another. And if you go to the next great exhibition of cats, be sure to look for me. I am gentle in face and short in ears, and my fur is long, and soft, and white, and silky, and my eyes are as blue as the sea in summer.

Find fault when you must find fault, in private, if possible; and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist, when they are blamed without witness; both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, and has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time to mention it.

A Milwaukee baby, whose relatives could not agree upon a suitable name, was finally [illegible] with [illegible] Garfield Carter by drawing from six names shaken up in a hat.

POOR TOM.

BY E. L. WEED.

WHEN I first became acquainted with poor Tom—Craddock was his surname—he was about twenty five years of age. His appearance never altered. He must have been the same at fifteen as he was at forty. Imagine a short, shambling figure, with large hands and feet, a huge water on the brain looking head, surmounted by rough, stubby, red hair; eyes that no mortal ever saw; for, suffering from a painful ophthalmic disease, they were always encased, not so much in spectacles as in a perfect bandage of green glass, dress which, though ill made and of necessity threadbare was always clean and respectable. Imagine these things and you have all that I care to dwell upon of the physical characteristics of poor Tom. He was earning a very scanty pittance as an usher, or rather common drudge, at a classical and commercial academy, where I was sent as a youth to learn the science of book keeping by single and double entry. Tom's intellectual acquirements were on a par with his physical advantages. Being sent out by his parents into the world to shift for himself, as his father had done before him he had shifted himself into a very ill-paid and monotonous occupation.

I left the school in time, and lost sight of him till about ten years after. He was the same old Tom, but now out of work. I got him a situation as junior clerk, under me, in the counting house of Biddles & Co.—old Biddles—in the China trade. I got him in in this way. Old B liked to buy his labor, like every thing else, in the cheapest market, and when a new junior clerk was proposed, I introduced Tom to do a man's work at a boy's price, and that way of putting it so excited the cupidity of the old fellow, that I had the satisfaction of carrying my point at once. Small as the salary was, Tom was grateful, and never did servant serve a master with more honesty and scrupulous fidelity than Tom did old Biddles.

"You know, Robert," he used to say to me, "we are not all gifted with talent; I know I am neither active nor clever, but I do my best and I hope Mr Biddles is satisfied, though I sometimes fear that he is not." This remark was generally made after one of those miserable wet busy, muddy November days, when Tom was kept running about from nine to six, under a short tide ape, and when old Biddles was more than usually surly.

We passed in this way something like five years together, until I had a serious attack of illness that kept me away from the office many weeks. Tom, after the labor of the day, seldom missed calling to inquire about me, long as the distance was, and very often brought me little delicacies suited for an invalid. I could not prevent his bringing them, although I felt that their purchase must have pinched him in various ways. The nature of my complaint made it necessary for me to take a holiday of a couple of months; and so great was poor Tom's fear such a long absence would lead to my dismissal by old Biddles—although even in this anxiety there was not a particle of selfishness—that I was compelled to tell him that my engagement was such that it could not be broken.

When I returned reinvigorated to my duties, I found, to my surprise, a marked change in Tom. His manner was evidently embarrassed, and in his appearance there was a feeble and clumsy attempt to be smartish. When a man returns to an office after an absence of some months, everything seems to him cold and strange; he does not fit into his accustomed corners, his papers look apocryphal, he hardly knows where to put his coat, and his hat tumbles down from its peg. If the place has been repainted and furnished (as mine had been), this makes matters worse. I did not question Tom the first or second day as I thought much of his altered appearance might have been a partial delusion of my disordered imagination. On the third day I fancied from his nervous behavior that he was about to make some explanatory disclosures, and I was not disappointed. After much hesitation and preamble, which he, poor fellow, was little adept in, it came out at last; Tom was in love—deeply, earnestly in love. When he had secured me as his confidant a load seemed to have departed from his mind, and he was happier and gayer than I had ever known him before. As to myself, I was lost in various reflections. I laughed the first and last unkind laugh at Tom's expense, when I thought of him ogling his chosen one through those eternal green glasses.

Tom was too happy to notice my abstraction, and his only desire was to consult me about the capabilities of his scanty income to support a wife. Here, with hard figures to deal with, I was obliged to reason severely, but every objection that I started was overruled by Tom's explanation of the personal privations he could undergo for the attainment of domestic happiness. It was useless for him to enter into details with me, who knew his [illegible] so well, [illegible] what a considerate, devoted husband he would be. I knew that his income was inadequate, and the tone of my advice was to dissuade him from nourishing an affection that, I felt assured, must be hopeless.

The next morning, poor Tom appeared with a long list of figures, with which he had been working out a problem over night, and had arrived at the conclusion, that if he could obtain another hundred dollars a year from old Biddles, he might attempt the step he was anxious to take, with perfect propriety. When he consulted me as to whether I thought he would get the advance, I felt that his mind was made up, and knowing that his long and faithful services merited even a greater reward, I told him to go boldly to old Biddles and ask at once. It was Saturday morning, old Biddles was late, and when he came, he was very busy, he went out several times, a very unusual thing with him, and when he returned, many people were waiting to see him. All this threw poor Tom into a fever of excitement; he kept running in and out of Biddles' private room in such an unceremonious manner, and upon such frivolous pretexts, that at last the old fellow asked him if he was ill! This brought Tom to a stand, and he timidly made his proposal. Old Biddle took time to consider. Tom augured favorably from this, and the next day, Sunday, he prevailed upon me to join him in a visit to the family of his intended wife.

She was much younger than Tom, stout, florid, and rather vulgar looking. I watched her closely, and her treatment of him, though at times flighty and inconsiderate, did not appear unkind. Tom was so absorbed in the contemplation of his happiness that I was left pretty much to my own resources, and conversation with a sister. When the visit closed, although I had my doubts, I was unable to form a conclusion whether the affection on the part of the girl was real or simulated. Monday passed over in silence. On Tuesday the blow fell. About ten o'clock a letter was delivered to Tom, which told him that she for whom he was ready to give up all the comforts he so much needed, for whom he was even then planning out some little, thoughtful present, and to whom he had given all the great affection of his kind and noble heart, had encouraged his passion like a cruel, wayward girl, and now threw it aside without pity or remorse.

Close upon this shock followed a formal discharge from old Biddles. Virtue and fidelity which were endurable at four hundred and fifty dollars a year, were not to be tolerated at five hundred and fifty. The supply was greater than the demand. Biddles was a practical business man.

Some few years afterward, when poor Tom's shattered frame and broken heart were lying peaceably in the grave, and his clerkly successor at four hundred dollars a year had embezzled money to a considerable extent, old Biddles felt that for once he had made a mistake, and thought of an awkward, green spectacled clerk who used to sit in his office, and who, if not brilliant, was trustworthy.

"Do you know Craddock's address?" he asked, one morning, as I entered the room. (Though I knew his address—somewhere in Heaven, poor dear Tom!—I didn't say so.)

"He has been dead some time," I replied.

"Hum! Put an advertisement in the paper for somebody like him."

We did put an advertisement in for somebody like him; but old Biddles found he could not get another Tom Craddock merely by drawing a check for him.

THE ODD LITTLE CHICKEN.—A hen was very proud of all her chickens excepting one that was in some way different from the others. The chickens, too, saw that the little creature was not exactly like themselves, and so they hunted him about, saying, "Who are you, who are you? what a fright you are!" And the old hen pecked at him and pushed him away, for she felt much ashamed of his queer appearance.

The poor bird was so miserable that he determined to run away, and so one day when they had been more unkind to him than ever, he suddenly turned round, fluttered his wings, and opening his beak wide, said:

"If you despise me, I despise you, and will go away and seek my fortune."

And away he went, and no sooner had he gone than the old hen began to reproach herself for having treated him so badly, and shaking off the chickens which had clustered round her she pursued the runaway, "clucking" and calling to him to come back.

But all in vain; the little bird struggled on and on until he came to a great pond.

"He will tumble in! he will be drowned!" thought the hen. And he did tumble in; but he was not drowned, for the moment he touched the water he began to swim as if he had been swimming all his short life.

Then the hen "clucked" and cried, but to no purpose, away swam the poor little duckling and she saw no more of him. So she slowly returned to her brood of chickens.

"Ah!" said she, "we have driven away one who can do more than any of us; we were very wrong to condemn him because of his appearance, for great talents are often hidden under a plain exterior." J. G.

Dr Cumming, the once well known London preacher, is now out of his mind.

CONTENT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Since the sweet knowledge I possess
  That she I love is mine,
All nature throbs with happiness,
  And wears a face divine.
The woods seem greener than they were,
  The skies are bright and blue;
The stars shine clearer, and the air
  Lets finer sunlight through.
Until I loved, I was a child,
  And sported on the sands,
But now the ocean opens out,
  With all its happy lands.

The circles of my sympathy
  Extend from earth to Heaven:
I strove to pierce a mystery,
  And lo! the clue is given.
The woods, with all their boughs and leaves,
  Are preachers of delight,
And wandering clouds in summer eves
  Are Edens to my sight.
My confidants and comforters
  Are river, hill, and grove,
And sun, and stars, and heaven's blue deep,
  And all that live and move.

O friendly hills! O garrulous woods!
  O sympathising air!
O many-voiced solitudes!
  I know my love is fair.
I know that she is fair and true,
  And that from her you've caught
The changeful glories ever new,
  That robe you in my thought.
Grief, from the armor of my heart,
  Rolls off like rustling rain:
'Tis life to love; but double life
  To be beloved again.

CURIOUS WILLS

THERE are few subjects more interesting to the general reader, and few about which more curious and attractive volumes have been written than that of wills.

The shortest will on record has just been proved in an English court—"Mrs. Jones is to have all when I die." It was a business man who drew it up; he was more fortunate than a very eminent lawyer of Ohio, who died a good while ago leaving an estate amounting to some millions of dollars, which was not to be divided until the youngest grandchild should reach the age of twenty-one years, and then be apportioned equally among the entire family. The will was indefinite in an important particular. The old man neglected to say whether he meant living grandchildren or included those yet unborn. The executors declined to act under these unusual conditions, and the county court appointed a trustee to take charge of the property. Fifty years passed away after the old man's death and grandchildren continued to be born. Finally some of the heirs thought it about time an understanding was arrived at, and went into court, and the case is, we believe, before the courts yet, and the grandchildren continue to be born.

A remarkable legacy was that bequeathed by an English soldier in his will found in 1793—"I leave my right hand, to be cut off after death, to my son, Lord Audley, and I desire that it may be sent to him in hopes that it may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once so affectionately loved him." In the same terrible style ran the will of a man named Clarke, who was to be hanged, which was as follows:—"I, now in a few hours expecting to die, do sincerely wish, as my last request, that three of my fingers be taken from my hands, to be given to my three children as a warning to them, as my fingers were the cause of bringing myself to the gallows and my children to poverty." This request was complied with.

Probably the most fantastically contrived instrument to utilize the body of the testator, was that of a Frenchman, disappointed in love, who determined to commit suicide. Previous to carrying his design into effect, he wrote a letter to the lady who had jilted him. In another document he noted his last wishes, which he desired should be scrupulously adhered to. His corpse was to be taken, boiled down, and the fat extracted. Out of this a candle was to be made and presented to the subject of his misplaced affections, in order that she might read his communication by the light provided from his own body. A provision rather more curious than this is the will of our patriotic fellow-citizen who desired his skin to be tanned and made into drum-heads, which were to be beaten on the top of Bunker Hill Monument on each recurring Independence day at sunrise.

Indeed practical Americans, in even this practical age, have contributed their fair share to the literature of curious wills. By the will of a former Comptroller of the Treasury, the interest of $1 000, was left in trust to be used in keeping his grave in the Congressional Cemetery in order; the shrubbery and flowers are to be dug about, weeded, and dressed with compost every spring. If, as had been his experience in life, the interest proves more than sufficient for this purpose, the surplus is to be devoted to embellishing the rest of the cemetery.

A late citizen of Pittsburg left $700 to a church—$400 for the purchase of a bell to be rung at 6 P. M. on week days and at noon on Sundays until the pastor had recited the Lord's Prayer, and $300 for the aid of poor widows of the congregation. An eccentric Massachusetts clergyman left an extraordinary will. In it he says:—"I bequeath to my Christian friends who have stood by me in the work of the Lord 'through evil report and good report' my unspeakable and everlasting love. To my enemies I bequeath my forgiveness." All his sermons, manuscripts, letters and papers are to be thoroughly burned unread. He forbids any announcement of his death in any newspaper and requests the newspapers to take no notice of his death. He directs that after death his body shall be placed in a box of unplaned boards, dressed in his poorest clothing, stockings, drawers, and shirt, and no other garments, and shall be immediately nailed up, that no one be allowed to look upon him at his funeral; that there be no flowers, no minister, no public notice of the funeral, and no other religious service than the reading by some member of his church of Psalm xxiii and xc, and the singing of his favorite hymn, "Lead, kindly light," and that no strangers be allowed to attend the funeral. He then provides "that after the above exercises, I be taken in an express wagon, or any other cheap conveyance, to be interred in any lot or place or parcel of ground that any member of my church will, for the love of God, give me." He then says that his wife shall not attend his funeral, and gives direction for the settlement of a mortgage.

A Paduan lawyer of the fifteenth century, took an original and light-hearted view of his funeral. In his will, which is still in existence, he forbids all his friends and relatives to weep at his burial. He who persists in weeping shall be disinherited, while he who will laugh heartily shall be his principal heir or universal legatee. He forbids to put up any black draperies in the house in which he shall die as well as in the church where he is to be buried. Both must be decorated with flowers and green branches on the day of his funeral. There must be no ringing of bells, but gay music. All the musicians of the town shall be asked to his funeral. They are to walk with the clergy, making the air resound with their instruments and singing hallelujahs as if it were Easter Day. The bier which contains his body is to be covered with bright and many-colored cloth and borne on the shoulders of twelve maidens of age to be married, who must be dressed in green and sing many songs. The executor of the will must see that all these formalities are fulfilled in their least details; if not, the testament will be declared void. The relatives of the deceased protested against the will, but it was declared valid by the courts.

Grains of Gold.

Silence is the severest criticism.

Small service is true service while it lasts.

Better one thorn plucked out than all remain.

The virtues of a man are seen in his actions.

Men are never so good or so bad as their opinions.

When gold speaks, no reason is of the slightest avail.

The cup of joy, unlike all others, is heaviest when empty.

He who makes too much haste will have but little success.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

A man acquires more glory by defending than by abusing others.

Leisure is a beautiful garment, but it will not do for constant wear.

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words tear a child's heart.

Along with a helping hand there should ever go a helping sympathy.

Zeal is very blind or ill regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows; and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no character so plain as their moral conduct.

We are not indeed always obliged to speak what we think, but we must always think what we speak.

To rectify one's notions of greatness, one must view it near; you will cease immediately either to desire or fear it.

Faith and persistency are life's architects; while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavor.

Virtues are linked together, and have a sort of alliance with one another; what constitutes a true hero is a union of all the virtues.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which nearly all men have some.

Good-nature is of daily use; but courage is at best but a kind of holiday virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity.

There is always a respect due to persons in elevated stations, but it is merely an outward respect; our real respect and esteem are due only to merit.

Care to carry yourself in such a manner that your behavior may at once make a tender of your own friendship, and invite the friendship of others.

Beware of such food as persuades a man, though he be not hungry, to eat; and those liquors that will prevail on a man to drink them when he is not thirsty.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure; they praise only that which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them—they censure.

The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy is in danger of forfeiting them all.

Men often dread poverty the more and farther they are removed from it, as, the more giddy the height to which we have attained, the more frightful and appalling yawns the gulf below.

The custom of the country is not to say a good word for any man while he has life left in him to appreciate it. One-half of the eulogies given the dead would encourage the living by fifty per cent.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win, and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you who are rejoicing in the fulness of life.

Observation and experience combine to teach us how small a part of the incidents which chequer life can be foretold. Therefore it becomes the wise to enjoy with equanimity or to suffer with fortitude whatever happens.

Lord Chatham, who was almost as remarkable for his courteous manners as for his eloquence and public spirit, has thus defined good breeding: "Benevolence in trifles, or a preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life."

Vanity can exist only on a narrow basis; broaden the foundation, and it will fall to the ground. The greater a man is, the smaller he feels himself to be; for he has in his mind a standard of excellence far above that which he actually reaches, ever progressing and reminding him of his own shortcomings.

Femininities.

Wrinkles are not so ugly as bad nature.

There are 23 000 feminine farmers in Great Britain.

A Western minister charges $1 extra for kissing the bride.

The hygenic waist is supplanting corsets on Boston figures.

There are estimated to be 200 kinds of laces in the market.

Cashmere dresses painted by hand are the latest importations.

The husbands of women's rights women are generally fair, plain cooks.

Washington Territory, with a total population of 46 977 has 20 143 females.

The polonaise is appropriate for thin goods, and likely to be again a favorite.

A countess has been arrested in France for forgery to the amount of $10 000.

In St Louis they are talking of keeping dissipated young men out of society.

Tubular ribbons, woven double with no apparent seam, are new for bonnets.

Some new French dresses have epaulet sleeves, which broaden the shoulders.

It is asserted that a number of "ladies" in Washington derive considerable income from gambling.

Next to a brutish, bearish man the most odious animal in the world is a spitefully sarcastic woman.

Strings of bonnets for morning calls are worn very loose so that ladies may have a chance to talk.

Some newspaper writers assert that the higher you go in the social scale the less beauty you find among women.

It is considered a wrong thing for a husband to strike his wife, but perfectly right for a wife to collar and cuff her husband.

A little boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed "It's true, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so, if it ain't so."

Albums containing photographs of ladies in each new dress they receive, colored to the exact hue of the material, are the latest society toys.

That was a wise African who in speaking of the happiness of married people, said, "Dat ar 'pends altogedder how dey enjoy demselves."

A noted correspondent says that American women should learn that it is as vulgar to dress splendidly for a hotel dining-room as for a railroad journey.

I would rather be convicted of the murder of a woman than be convicted of wounding her vanity. The first is sometimes pardoned, the second never.

A late writer says that women have no generosity toward her own sex. Who ever knew one woman to go security for another woman's house-rent?

In a Kansas town a woman lately visited a gambling saloon arrayed in male attire, and before her identity was discovered she won and pocketed over $800.

An unfortunate miss—A Boston young lady went to Washington with matrimonial intent and returning single said if she had been a hit there she would not have been a miss here.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savages they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.

"If I have ever used any unkind words Hannah," said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

The most modest man has been found. He is a grandfather, and gave as an excuse for clearing the slush from his sidewalk last winter, that he did not like to see the ladies lift their skirts in walking through it.

One squealing child will spoil an entire evening. One new bonnet will make a woman happy. One little flirt can make twenty-nine girls uncomfortable. One little wife has been known to set a man wondering why he was born.

The King of Burmah has ordered a theatre to be erected in the garden of his palace for the special benefit of his four hundred and fifty wives. No individual of the stronger sex is allowed to set foot in this temple of the Muses.

When Elisabeth, the Austrian empress, is not hunting, she practices in the gymnasium or goes to the stables. She is always schooling her horses. When she tires of one she mounts another, feeling no fatigue, and taking very little refreshment.

In the year 1880 America issued seventy patents to women, and not one of these was an indicator to be attached to a bedpost to see if there is a man under the bed. And yet, think how much getting down on hands and knees such a thing would save women!

A city woman who moved into a country village a few months ago, and when asked how she liked the place, she disparagingly replied. "Well, I like the people, but it is an awfully dull place. There hasn't been an auction sale of second-hand furniture since I came here."

The good taste of those silver dishes upon which napkins are imitated in metal has always been rather doubtful, but there can be no question about the artistic ugliness of a dish upon which not only a silver napkin, but a handful of carefully-colored crackers in silver.

Washington ladies complain that they have really too much visiting to do, and a social congress is proposed to find a remedy. Another great annoyance, says a lady correspondent, is the impertinence of invited guests bringing with them people who are not invited, often to lunch and dinner-parties when no provision has been made for extra company.

Circumstances do alter cases. When a young man is with a female whom the bloom and fire of youth have long left, to be replaced by the dying embers of increasing age, and she is about to go ever so short a distance, he strongly recommends that she take a car. But if it is a young and gushing damsel, and the way was ever so long, oh, he prefers to walk, especially if it rains and there is but one umbrella.

News Notes.

All Europe has 81 849 miles of railway.

They are trying to introduce camels in the West.

There are six electric light companies in New York.

The word blood occurs nearly 500 times in the Bible.

It is perfect folly to keep large sums of money in the house.

John Hancock's piano still jingles in a Vermont residence.

Florida expects to send 50 000 000 oranges to market this year.

Scalds and burns should be secluded as much as possible from the air.

Telegraph messages in Germany are at the rate of a half cent a word.

Freckles can be removed from the face by a solution of nitre and water.

Boot and shoe manufacturers annually consume 25 000 alligator hides.

Chicago is proud even of her great fire. It is proposed to celebrate its anniversary.

A scarce Confederate postage stamp was recently sold for $150 to a European collector.

A dealer in Vermont has an order from the West for 1 000 000 pounds of maple sugar.

During the last ten years the Royal lottery has yielded the Italian government $134,000 000.

The Chinese of Denver have a large school, in which the English branches are taught.

The revised New Testament will be issued by the publishers of cheap volumes for ten cents.

The ice cover which forms upon the surface of lakes and rivers protects the life which exists in them.

Russian immigrants in Kansas use small porcelain-lined stoves, which they feed with compressed prairie hay.

A little lemon juice put in a cup of milk and then the face washed with it, is a complete remedy for sunburn.

A Justice of the Peace in Massachusetts, who married an elderly couple the other day, was paid his fee in dried apples.

A Chinese laundryman in Ohio was naturalized on Wednesday, and sued for a divorce from his wife on the same day.

Connecticut has undertaken to abate the nuisance of the steam whistle by legislation controlling its use in towns and cities.

Some enterprising traders are filling old honey combs with glucose and shipping them to Europe labeled "California honey."

There were 1 185 divorces in Switzerland last year, a large increase over 1879. Of this number 847 women and 345 men passed into second nuptials.

At the recent State ball in Paris, President Grevy scandalized society by wearing no decorations, and shaking hands freely after the fashion of the President of the United States.

A minister in this State sued for services rendered in preaching a funeral sermon. The defendant admitted the service, but offset the demand with a claim as services for horse-doctor.

A Kansas City evangelist wears bright feathers in his hat, huge green goggles over his eyes, and at his belt a can of water with which to baptize converts before they have time to backslide.

During the last decade the ratio of foreign-born to native population has declined one and a half per cent. In only twelve States has the foreign element increased; in thirty-five it has decreased.

We might learn a lesson from Bulgaria, where, if life is lost by an arch, or bridge, or house giving way, the architect is thrown into prison until he can prove that the accident occurred through no fault of his.

There lived in a neighboring county of this State a man named Smith. He died recently, and, while upon his death-bed, made a very singular, as well as novel, request. It was that $40 and a pack of cards be placed in his coffin.

A minister in a Connecticut village introduced some statistics into a recent sermon, showing that a very light assessment would raise his salary from $700 to $1 000. His congregation disliked this so much that they requested him to resign.

A soldier's overcoat was sold at auction in this State, the other day, for $78 50. It was worn in the war of 1812 and during a part of the first winter of the Revolution, and is still in a good state of preservation, considering its long and severe usage.

Queen Victoria's gold and silver plate which is kept at Windsor Castle is said to be worth $15 000 000. When the Queen entertained the late Czar shortly after the marriage of his daughter to the Grand Duke of Edinburgh, gold plate to the value of $10 000,000 was used.

St Louis has a fire department chief, who, though fifty years of age, has never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor, smoked a cigar, or chewed tobacco. His whole life has been spent in applying cold water to fires, and advocating the use of the same as a beverage. He is a temperance lecturer.

A Sheriff's posse went to capture a desperate thief in Arkansas. They surrounded his house and fired in through the windows. Then he dashed out and ran for the woods, while they gave chase. One of the pursuers outstripped the rest, and his companions, mistaking him for the fugitive, shot him.

An enterprising manufacturer of optical instruments in Berlin shows his appreciation of the wide spread excitement about infected pork in Germany by advertising microscopes for sale at a popular price, with specimens of trichinæ prepared for examination, and full directions for detecting the presence of parasites in meat.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, BILIOUS DISORDERS, Sick Headache, etc., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and fecal matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

THREE DAYS AFTER.

"My precious popsy-wopsy, love,
I'm going out," he softly said,
And she upon his manly breast
All lovingly reclined her head.
"You will not leave your birdie dear?"
"I will not, darling, rest content;"
And then they kissed a dozen times—
"Bye-by!" "Ta-ta!" And so he went.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

"My dear, I'm going out to-night;
Pray don't sit up—I may be late."
She laughed a pretty little laugh;
"Oh, never fear, I shall not wait."
Then, having lighted his cigar,
Above her in the chair he bent,
And kissed her somewhat languidly
A single kiss—and so he went.

THREE MONTHS AFTER.

"Irene, I'm going out to-night"—
She doesn't even raise her eyes
From Mrs. Blankwhite's latest tale,
Nor does it cause him much surprise;
He hums an Offenbachish air,
And pins upon his coat a rose—
"I'm going out." She cooly says:
"Why don't you go?" And so he goes.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

"Yes, Mrs. C., I'm going out!"
"'Twould be a blessing if you'd stay!"
"I wish upon my soul I might!"
"You horrid wretch!" "What's that you say?"
"I only wish I were a man;
Your insults too I'd soon resent!"
"I wish you were, and not my wife!"
And followed by the broom, he went.

—U. N. News.

The World of Humor.

Bosom friends—Shirt studs.

The cheapest of lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

Showing respect to old age—Smiling at almanac jokes.

Wouldn't prize fighters be the best fellows to wax floors?

Entertaining knowledge — Ascertaining the cost of a dinner-party.

Why is the letter "l" like a calf's tail? Because it's at the end of veal.

The blackboard is the most marked feature of our common school system.

Three degrees of mining speculation—Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.

About the only person ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

Fish are so plenty in some parts of Canada that in order to tell a first-class lie the sportsman has to swear he didn't catch any.

It is said that the Parisians have introduced square umbrellas, but they're just as bad as the other kind—never there when it rains.

One hundred and twenty young men, who went to Denver to pick up mines in the streets, responded to an advertisement for a light cook.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are not told what the evening wore on that particular occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

New Yorkers pay higher salaries to clergymen than does any other city. But then it's a heap more work to save a New Yorker than any other man.

A Western paper says that a man, the morning after he has been drunk with wine, feels as though he had the rheumatism in every hair of his head.

Young lady—"Oh, I'm so glad you like birds—which kind do you admire most?" Old squab—"Well, I think a goose with plenty of stuffing is about as nice as any."

Next year they are going to have steamers that will cross the Atlantic in six days. This is three days for sea-sickness, two for recovery and the other one for watching for land.

"You may entertain angels unawares," muttered a sturdy Sabbath beggar to one who refused him a drink of beer. "Angels don't go around drinking beer on Sunday," was the retort.

The heart is the best card in the chance game of Matrimony; sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves; often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

A visitor enters a French newspaper office, and is greeted politely by the office-boy—"If monsieur comes to fight a duel, he will have to be kind enough to call again. All our editors are already engaged for to-day."

A youngster, fond of visiting museums, of a speculative turn of mind, and very affectionate, startled his mother the other day by remarking that if she died he would stuff her so that he could sit on her lap all the time. He afterwards added, "When I die, if I don't go where you are, I'll come back and die over again."

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
BY DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.
DYSENTERY,
DIARRHOEA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28,
Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 30 years, —is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. Illust. Catalogue free. 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

OLD HICKORY CEMENT.
The best on earth for mending everything; 25c. bottle sent as sample, post paid, on receipt of 15c. Catalogue of 1000 fast selling articles free. E. NASON & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 111 Nassau St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Historical Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per ct. National Publish'g Co, Philadelphia, Pa.

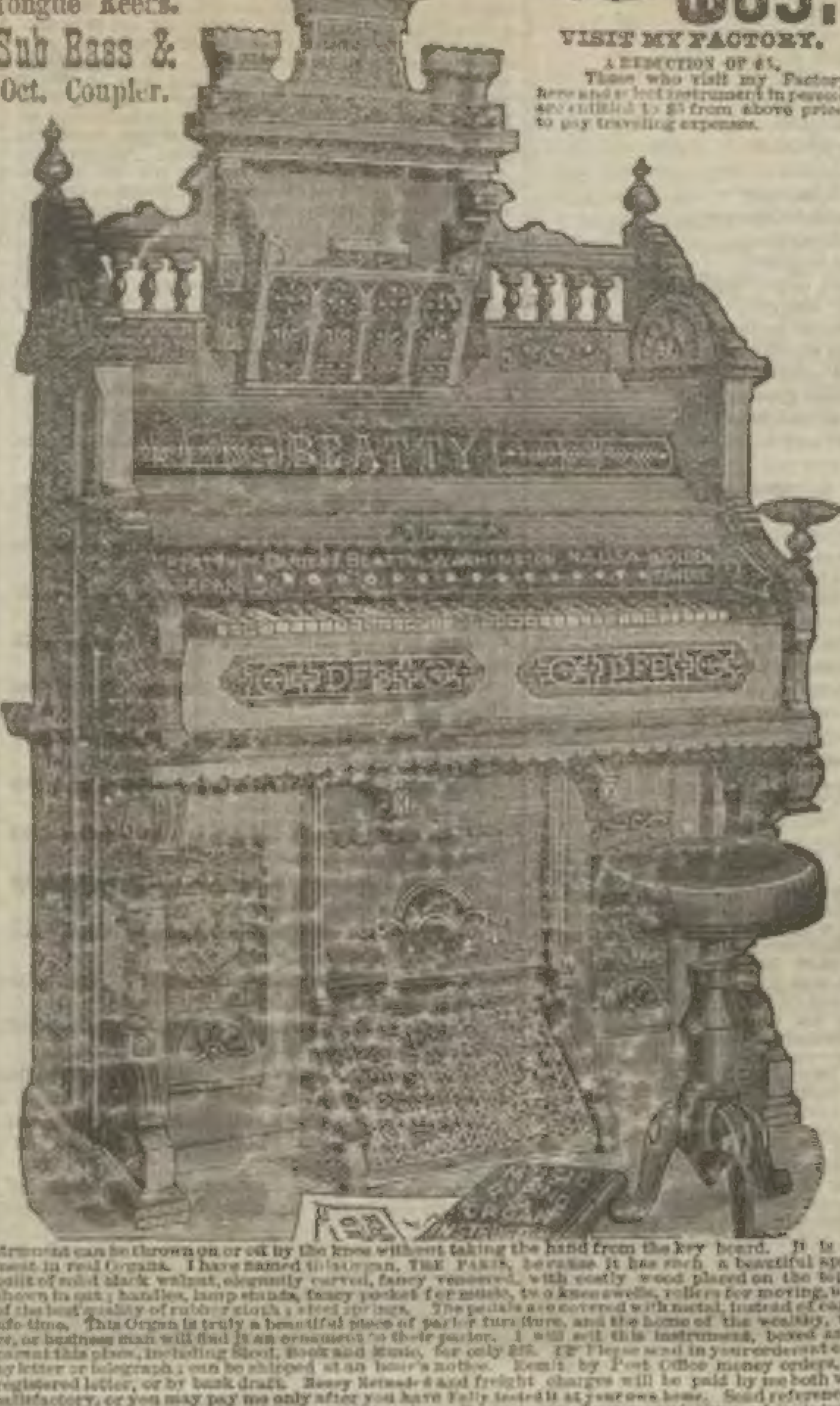
BEATTY
17 STOPS
5 SET GOLDEN
Tongue Reeds.
Sub Bass &
Oct. Coupler.

☞BEATTY'S OFFER
FOR THE
SPRING SEASON!

☞ I will sell this instrument, boxed and delivered on board cars, here with Stool, Book and Music for only

☞ $85.

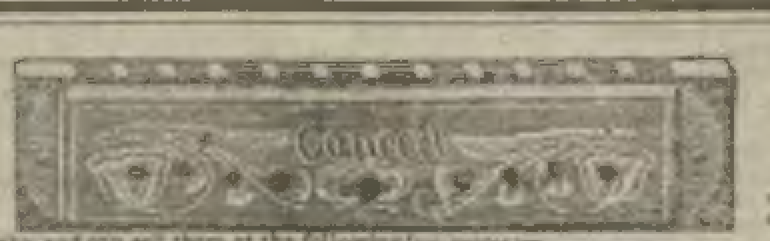
VISIT MY FACTORY.
A REDUCTION OF $5.
Those who visit my Factory here and select instrument in person, are entitled to $5 from above price, to pay traveling expenses.



☞This beautiful Piano Upright Cabinet or Parlor Organ (Like Cut), The Paris New Style, No. 5,000, Height, 70 in.; Length, 48 inches; Depth 24 inches; Contains (5) Five Octave, (4) Four set of the celebrated Golden Tongue Reeds, as follows: Set powerful Sub Bass Reeds, set of 3 octaves of the famous Vox Celeste Reeds which produce the sweetest tone ever heard; set of 1 octave of the new solo combination the Orchestral French Horn reeds, which exactly imitates a French Horn, besides 2 sets of 2 1-2 octaves each of the principal or regular Golden Tongue Reeds, making in all a beautiful combination, with which the performer can (by the aid of Beatty's new patent stop action) produce any variety of tone desired. It is, therefore, necessary to connect (17) seventeen stops with the above action in order to get the greatest possible variety. (No "dummies.") This combination is something entirely original. Names of stops are as follows: (1) Diapason Forte, (2) Principal Forte; (3) Sub Bass, (4) Bourdon, (5) Dulcet, (6) Diapason, (7) Grand Organ, (8) Celestina, or French Horn (9) Vox Humana, which imitates the human voice; (10) Aeolian, (11) Echo, (12) Dulciana, (13) Clarionet, (14) VOX CELESTE, which is by far the sweetest and most perfect that has ever been attained—Charming! is the universal exclamation of critics and lovers of sweet music who have heard it (15) Octave Coupler, which doubles the power, (16) Flute Forte, (17) Grand Organ knee stop, by the use of which the entire power of the instrument can be thrown on or off by the knee without taking the hand from the key board. It is a valuable improvement in reed Organs. I have named this organ, THE PARIS, because it has such a beautiful appearance; the case is built of solid dark walnut, elegantly carved, fancy veneered, with costly wood placed on the top, front, and ends, as shown in cut; handles, lamp stands, fancy pocket for music, two knee swells, rollers for moving, upright bellows, made of the best quality of rubber cloth; steel springs. The pedals are covered with metal, instead of carpet, which will last a life time. This Organ is truly a beautiful piece of parlor furniture, and the home of the wealthy, the millionaire, banker, or business man will find it an ornament to their parlor. I will sell this instrument, boxed and delivered on board cars with this piece, including Stool, Book and Music, for only $85. ☞ Please send in your order at once. You may order by letter or telegraph; can be shipped at an hour's notice. Remit by Post Office money orders, Express prepaid, or registered letter, or by bank draft. Money Refunded and freight charges will be paid by me both ways if in any way unsatisfactory, or you may pay me only after you have fully tested it at your own home. Send reference or evidence of your responsibility if you do not send the cash with order. Every organ of my manufacture when introduced in a new locality, sells many more. Often [illegible] sales are traced from the first instrument sold. It becomes a standing advertisement at your own home! If you do not want an instrument yourself, will you please hand or mail this offer to a friend who wishes to purchase? Nothing saved by long correspondence. Order direct from this Advertisement.

NOTICE.—Those desiring to buy the above instrument are earnestly requested to visit my Factory here and make their own selection in person. To all such I will allow a reduction of $5 from the above price to pay your expenses. This is certainly a very fair offer. Please come and examine the instrument. IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. If you do not purchase now, no harm done; you are at least heartily welcome to look through my establishment.

☞Address, or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.



CONCERT HARMONICAS:
OR MOUTH ORGANS.

These little instruments are now very popular, and the music produced is very sweet. Having obtained from GERMANY a large invoice of these goods, of the best make, and can sell them at the following low prices:—

10 Double Holes, 4 sides, zinc plates, brass polished sides, in box	$1.50
4 Double Holes, same finish as above	.60
20 Double Holes, 2 sides, brass polished sides, 1 side organ, 1 side tremolo	1.50
8 Double Holes, 2 sides, brass polished sides, 1 side organ, 1 side tremolo	1.00
60 Double Notes, extra fine, concert harmonica, tuned very fine, 2 sides, brass plate, Engraved German Silver Sides, each in box	2.50
40 Double Notes, same as above	1.25

We will send either one of these Imitation Harmonicas, by mail, post-paid on receipt of price, and 21 cents extra, in postage stamps, for postage. VIOLIN OUTFITS, including Box, Bow, Rosin, $1.75, $3.00, $6.50. Our New Illustrated Catalogue, sent on receipt of stamp. MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington St., Boston.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

RIDGE'S FOOD
The MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. on every label.

TAPE WORM
INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in 2 or 3 hours. For particulars address, with stamp, to H. EICKHORN, No. 4, St. Mark's Place, New York.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

30 ALL Lovely Moss Rose and assorted Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Agents sample book including Outfit 20. AMERICAN CARD CO., West Haven, Ct.

53 Gilt Edge, Chromo, Snowflake, Glass, Lace &c. Cards. Name on 10c. Franklin Prt'g Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

ORGANS $30 to $1000; 2 to 32 Stops. Pianos $125 up. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

FREE 6 Samples and Catalogue of best selling articles on earth. WORLD MFG. CO. 122 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

102 NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS. Name on 10c., or 40 all GILT & BEVEL EDGE Cards 10c. U. S. Card Factory, Clintonville, Ct.

25 Lovely Gold, silver, rosebud & motto chromo cards, no 2 alike, 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

40 Cards, all Chromo, Glass and Motto in Case, name in gold and jet, 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

A Masterpiece of Art!

There has just been published the most magnificent oil picture ever produced in America, and representing one of the most memorable eras in our nation's history. It is a picture which will fire with patriotism the heart of every lover of his country, and no one can look upon it without feeling his soul thrilled with its sublimity and grandeur. This magnificent creation is printed in 14 Oil Colors, and is 30 inches long by 24 inches high, and is entitled

Sherman's March to the Sea!

No pen can do justice to this sublime work of art; it must be seen in all its glowing colors to be appreciated. Briefly we will try to describe it: The smoke of burning Atlanta hung like a pall over the ruined city as the troops moved out, and the path of the army, as seen in the picture, was lit with the lurid flames of destruction to the enemy's property. All along the river in the background the rising smoke tells the story of the conflagration, while the soldiers are seen busily tearing up the railroad track, piling the ties and firing them, with the rails on top, like a Hindoo funeral pyre. General Sherman and staff are the principal figures to the right, and in the foreground are the refugee Union families, white and black, who are seen clasping the knees of the soldiers and horses in joy and gratitude. View the picture and close your eyes, but you cannot shut it out. In the grim glory of war it possesses a distinct individuality that scarcely needs the name to tell you what it is. There it is, an inspiration, not for a day, but for all time, a pictorial history wherein we march with Sherman's army from Atlanta to the sea at a glance; and although so many of those boys have tramped, tramped away forever, yet their work lives in this picture as fresh and as bright as ever. In it we have a living monument to their valor and endurance. Every American patriotic home, both North and South, should have upon its walls "Sherman's March to the Sea." Not only does it represent so grand a subject, but it is the most finely executed oil picture ever published in America.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send a copy of this magnificent work of art, securely packed in a tube, by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of only Fifty Cents in postage stamps. Every purchaser will likewise receive a Premium Certificate, entitling him to a valuable prize upon conditions therein explained. These prizes include fine jewelry, silverware, cutlery, and other valuable and useful articles, many of which are worth many times the cost of the picture. Remember, you will receive the Premium Certificate free with the picture, which alone is worth double the price asked for it. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send at once! Address,

F. M. LUPTON, 27 Park Place, New York.

50 All Gold, Chromo & Lit'g Cards (no 2 Alike,) Name On, 10c. Clinton Bros, Clintonville, Conn.

$5 for the wonderful Mechanical Peanoette. Send for catalogue. Mass. Organ Co., Boston, Mass.

50 Gold and Floral Chromo Cards No 2 alike 10c. Ag'ts outfit 10c. Card Factory, Birmingham, Ct.

Facetiæ.

A swell among flowers—A dandelion.

How to get fat—Don't watch the butcher when he cuts your meat.

Is a soldier supposed to be raw until he has been exposed to fire?

If you want to find a man of taste go into the nearest lunch room.

To avoid being cheated in a horse trade, be sure that your horse is absolutely worthless

An old lady writing to her son, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowl alleys.

What glorious object does a boy getting up in the morning resemble? The rising sun, of course

A manufacturing wire worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fences.

Why does the crown of the head first become bald? Because it is there that the "parting" of the hair is first noticed.

Never address your conversation to a person engaged in footing up a column of figures. There's nothing so deaf as an adder.

A facetious and probably untruthful burglar who had broken into an editor's house, said the only thing he struck was a match.

When we read the interminable sentences of some writers, we cannot help thinking that their readers are in danger of being sentenced to death.

A leading broker being asked, the other day, how his child was, answered, almost in tears: "Very ill—would not give two per cent for his life."

Why is the King of Dahomey like a famous painter? Because he is a man of color, celebrate for the manner in which he executes his subjects.

Young Fancygoods says he's "a regular anchorite" when he meets a pretty girl he is sure to sit down by her and anchor right there for the rest of the evening.

Mrs Jones says: "I b'leve I've got the tenderest-hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of 'em to fetch a pail of water but what he'll burst out a cryin'."

A Southern paper tells of a man who fell over a precipice, and remarks: "The fall was about fifty feet, and the poor man, who was going home that way, died instantly."

Why is a thief a kind of philosopher? Because he observes everything from an abstract point of view, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

A contemporary threatens to make some folks see themselves by holding up a glass to their faces; and some folks retort by guessing that he "has held up too many glasses to his own face!"

Most of us pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole, dig some bait and go fishing.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Edith to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks and be still and stupid for a while?"

A high-liver lately engaged a new cook, and, on being asked whether she was a good one, replied, with emphasis: "Good—good! Why, if she had to prepare nails for an ostrich she would boil them hard."

An editor out West is responsible for the following logical deductions: "Lotteries are unlawful. Marriage is a lottery, and therefore unlawful. Infatuation is ridiculous; love is infatuation, and therefore ridiculous."

"What luck did you have fishing?" asked a gentleman of a well-known impecunious character who owes everybody. "Splendid! While I was out on the wharf twenty-five men with bills called at my house to collect money."

To make a lemon drop—let it fall off the table; to make (n)ice cream—stick a pin in the baby; to make pastry neatly—have everything in apple-pie order; to make cats-up—give them milk; to make a nice pickle—hunt in a drawer for something in the dark.

A lady student at college accounts for the whiteness of butter in this way: "The sun's ray upon the snow has a tendency to dazzle the cow's eyes to such an extent that it bleaches the butter." The explanation is commended to the attention of dairymen generally.

Hop Bitters gives good digestion, active liver, good circulation and buoyant spirits. Read advertisement.

A policeman met a negro at night carrying a trunk along the street, and arrested him. The negro explained, "De family what was boarding me has bin askin' for money, an' as dey was gone out to-night I thought I'd get into some family whar dey respected de banjo."

A farmer, on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes-wringer, produced the following: "I bought your clothes-wringer, and am hugely pleased with it. I bought a jag of wood which proved to be green and unfit to burn; I run the whole load through your wringer, and have used the wood for kindling ever since."

SEEDS! BURPEE'S

82-POUND CUBAN QUEEN WATER-MELON.

New Morning-Glory—The Eclipse, from Brazil, surpassingly beautiful. 30 Cts. per packet.

A Liberal Offer only to those who order from this advertisement. For One Dollar we will send by mail, post-paid, to any address, one packet of each of the above, amounting in value to $1.50, and will also give two trial packets of New Early Cabbages and a sample of the New Golden Grains Wheat. Order Now!

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1882, beautifully illustrated, mailed free to all who write for it.

Address, W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Warehouse,
Nos. 219 and 221 Church Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.

If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, wherever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters

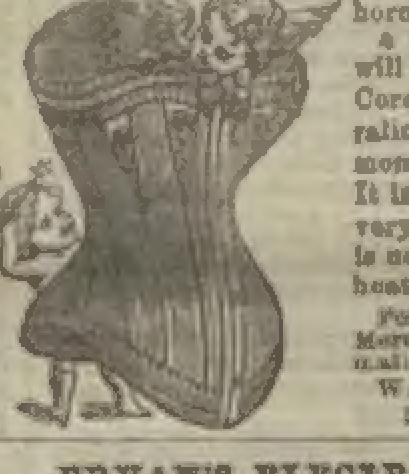
If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

DR. WARNER'S
CORALINE CORSET.
Boned with a New Material,



called Coraline, which is vastly superior to horn or whalebone.

A Reward of $10 will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

For sale by leading Merchants. Price by mail $1.25.

WARNER BRO'S.
372 Broadway, N. Y.

BRYAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS

AND SUSPENSORIES, a certain remedy for DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, WEAKNESS, and all derangements arising from sickness or indiscretions. They will cure when every other means have failed. They are the only remedies that will positively cure these complaints without the use of medicine. Send for illustrated pamphlet and give a brief statement of your case and our Medical Electrician will advise you. Address Electric Appliance Company, 3 Bond Street, New York.

SONGS FREE

56 of the most Popular Songs, 25 Samples, and Agents' Catalogue sent free on receipt of 6c. in stamps to pay postage and packing, to all who mention this paper.

London Importing Co.
22, 24 & 26, 4th Ave, N. Y.

PENSIONS

ARE PAID every soldier disabled by accident or otherwise. A WOUND of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, RUPTURE, if but slight, disease of Lungs or Varicose Veins give a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows, orphans and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 2 stamps for copy Pension and Bounty Acts. Address,
P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. Refer to Ind. Banking Co. and Pres't Central Bank both of Indianapolis.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ETIQUETTE AND BUSINESS

This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable work on Etiquette and Business and Social Forms. It tells how to perform all the various duties of life, and how to appear to the best advantage on all occasions. AGENTS WANTED.—Send for circulars containing a full description of the work and extra terms to Agents. Address, National Publishing Co., Phila, Pa.

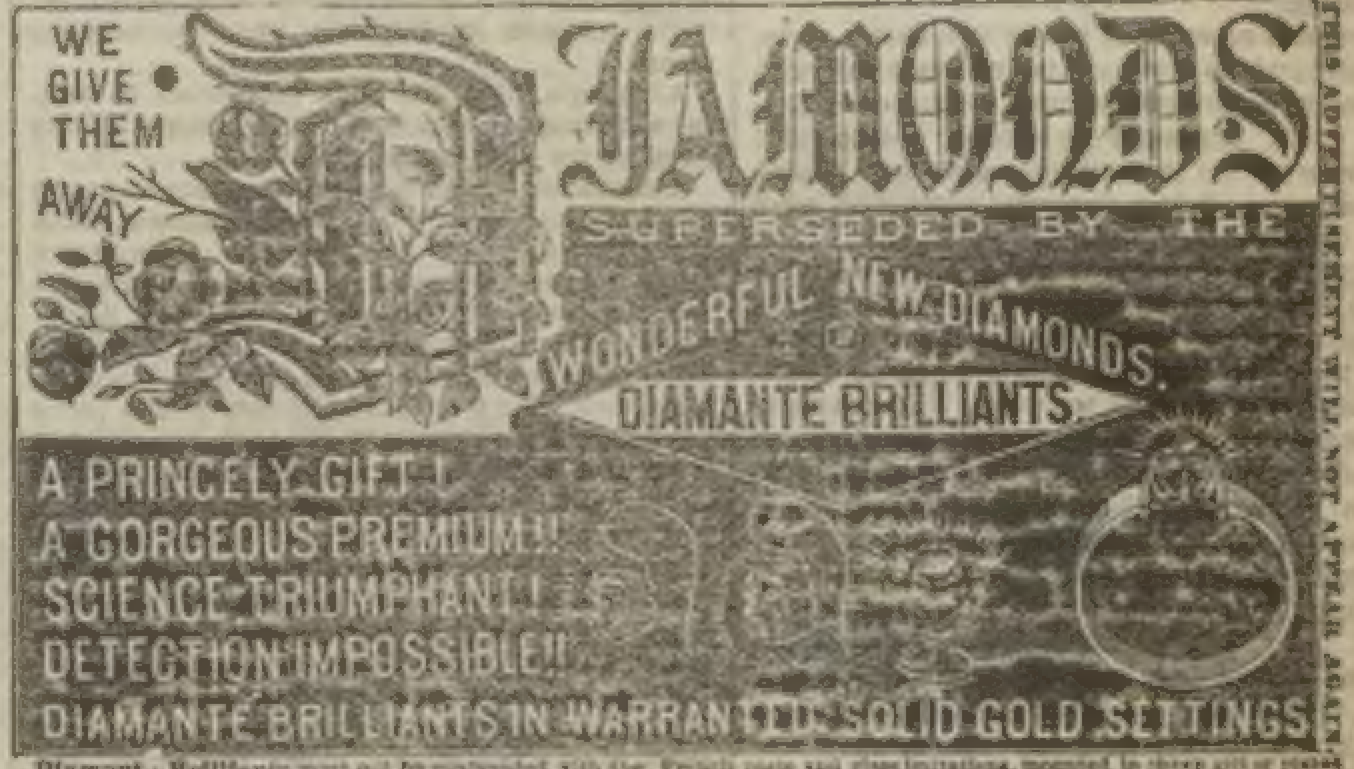
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by "UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER." Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, 55 South 8th Street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free.

CARD Collectors! 25 Samples of Gold & Chromo Burlinese Advertising Cards, no two alike only 15c. American Publishing Co., West Haven, Conn.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c, post-paid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

25 Lovely Paneled Motto Cards, beautiful designs, name on 10c. Ag'ts wanted. Victor Co. Northford Ct

AGENTS WANTED—Elegant Chromo & 32 Col. Story Paper Free. American Prtg. Co. W. Haven, Ct



WE GIVE THEM AWAY

DIAMONDS SUPERSEDED BY THE WONDERFUL NEW DIAMONDS. DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS.

A PRINCELY GIFT!
A GORGEOUS PREMIUM!!
SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT!!
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE!!
DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS IN WARRANTED SOLID GOLD SETTINGS

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS:

We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for, The Post.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN

WE ACTUALLY SEND GOODS TO EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY.

OREGON MAINE CALIFA TEXAS

Whether you live in Colorado or Pennsylvania, you can, with the utmost satisfaction, purchase the newest goods for the lowest city prices at the

GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA,
The Largest DRY GOODS AND Outfitting House of JOHN WANAMAKER.

NORTH SOUTH WEST EAST

Only the exact goods ordered are sent, and even then, if not as expected, are willingly exchanged, or the money refunded. Samples or prices, with directions for ordering, mailed postpaid upon receipt of postal card specifying what is desired, and no obligation to purchase if prices are not satisfactory.

Address MAIL DEPARTMENT
For Samples and Supplies,
GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

PLEASE STATE THE PAPER YOU SAW THIS IN.

50 Cards, Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c., all new style name on 10c. Ag'ts samples 10c. G. A. Spring Northford, Ct.

50 Landscape, Sea-view, Motto, etc. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Vann & Co. Fairhaven, Ct.

40 Happy Day, Chromo, Lace, &c. Cards, with name & Morocco case 10c. H. M. Cook, Meriden, Conn.

50 All gold, silver, shell, motto and floral Chromo Cards, in beautiful colors, with name, 10c. Agt's sample book 25c Star Printing Co., Northford, Conn.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn

MUSICAL WONDER—the marvellous Organina. Theo. J. Harbach, 809 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

PRETTY new models of capotes are made of open-work fancy straw, and will be lined with colored silk or satin. The capote shapes will be smaller, and the strings wider than ever.

The shaded effects so conspicuous in dress materials is also seen in flowers, the shading being in the branching—not in the flowers themselves.

Self-colored materials are trimmed with borders, which are printed along the selvedges; these borders are either in floral, cashmere, or plaid patterns. This fashion, which commenced last summer, will be still more popular this year. The borders will be used for flounces, flutings, or plain bands, facings, and so on, forming a decidedly pretty and effective, though inexpensive style of trimming.

Bayadere tussore, of much the same style, with the stripes woven into the material, will be used in combination with plain ecru tussore. Dots, stripes, Pompadour sprigs and flowerets are all fashionable, and will make up charming spring dresses; combined with plain tissues.

A stylish visiting dress for a young lady, in which the Bayadere material is employed, is of heron-colored merveilleux satin mingled with bayadere material, the ground of which is of the same color as the satin The skirt is composed of a drawn flounce of bayadere, at the edge of which is a satin flounce, also drawn. The bodice has basques at the back, and the front is concealed beneath a short drapery fastened on the left side by the ends forming two interlaced scarfs falling at the sides.

Surah and satin merveilleux, or Turkish satin, which have so entirely taken the place of silk, will likely continue the favorite materials so long as draperies and scarfs are used.

A stylish costume of surah has the overskirt or drapery formed by a single breadth of striped or bayadere surah arranged as a large scarf around the hips, and draped gracefully in loops behind. The stripes thus run around the figure, and there are bayadere-striped flounces at the foot. For such a dress a novel fancy is to shirr the entire skirt around from top to bottom.

In woolen fabrics there are a number of pretty figured materials in the Louisine, beige, and armure styles. There are also sprigged muslin de laines, which are exceedingly pretty.

In self-colored tissues, besides the finer kinds of cashmere, we have that which is so charming, a tissue called nun's veiling, soft and neat for short draped walking costumes. Beige tissues are either plain or in a diminutive check pattern.

Pretty fancy materials are of some fine woolen tissue, with fine stripes brocaded in silk of another color. Sometimes there are stripes both ways, forming a pattern of squares.

In the latter style I have noticed a pretty spring walking costume of light chestnut-colored woolen material, with a pattern of squares, formed by strips of old gold-colored silk. The skirt is round, without any train, and finished round the foot with a very full fluting of the material cut on the cross. The second skirt is very simply draped, and fastened up at the back with an old-gold buckle. Basque bodice, pleated in front and at the back, with a round waistband and old gold buckle.

In other wool goods there are used gay lengthwise stripes down half of the fabric, while the other half is solid color. This is used for overskirts that are now striped around the figure, and give bayadere effects; the stripes are also pleated around the lower skirt.

A pretty walking toilette is of bayadere tussore and ecru tussore. The plain material is used for the skirt, which is trimmed round the foot with three narrow flutings, above which comes a space ten inches deep, finely shirred, and above that a very deep but not very full puffing. The upper part of this skirt is concealed by a draped scarf, fastened at the side by a bow of ribbon to match. The scarf is of the bayadere tussore; it forms a tussore drapery at the back. The bodice has a deep basque clinging over the hips; it is also of bayadere tussore; the basque is slit open at the back to show a fan-pleated gore of the ecru tussore. Pleated draperies of the same, commencing from the shoulders, come down on either side and meet at the waist-line under a bow of the same. The sleeve is shirred over the shoulder, then firmly pleated down to the elbow, shirred again, and finished with a double fluting of the material and one of white lace. The neck is finished with a rather small standing-up collar, bow, and lace ruching.

There are other dresses with the drapery turned up in front, with facing, of satin in striped or plain designs. Sometimes block patterns of soft wool goods are used for these dresses; also for the gathered lining of the hood, for collars and cuffs.

Mantles for the present season are suited to the caprices of the weather, and are therefore in every variety, from the richest to the simplest. For young ladies there are tight-fitting jackets of dark cloth or tweed, made like a gentleman's coat, with double fronts, added-on basques, and turned-down collar; a Carrick-shape, fitting tightly across the shoulders and arms, is added at will. The same shape is adopted for jackets of plush and figured velvet, having no other trimming than fancy buttons of steel, metal, or enameled material.

Mantelets, to wear with more dressy costumes, are made of black twilled surah, grosgrains, or Sicilienne, trimmed with black lace, not too wide, or with fancy fringes, of which there are a variety of all styles and depths.

The mantelet is a compromise between the scarf and visite; it is fitted to the waist behind, and falls in square or rounded lappets in front. It seems likely to be the most fashionable shape this spring.

These Carrick collars are seen on the basques of the new flannel costumes. These have usually two deep collars, though some basques have three; they are quite straight across the back and front, are widely stitched near the edges, and the larger one is deep enough to reach to the elbows and give sufficient warmth to dispense with an outside wrap.

Although plush has been delegated to winter costumes, it is still visible in some of the designs for early spring wear.

A costume which is stylish without being too dressy, is made of India cashmere, satin and plush of a rich bronze-color. The round skirt has perpendicular pleatings, about the width of two fingers; these pleats are alternately satin and cashmere. A long polonaise open in front as a third of the skirt length falls back with a revers of plush, which joins the draperies of the back breadth, the corsage is pointed in front and has the collar and revers of the sleeves of plush.

There are many tunics cut quite straight and square, but opened in front, and at the sides overskirts frilled up as far as they are seen. In black silk, this looks even better than in cloth, or any other woolen material.

Dresses are certainly on the eve of becoming fuller, at the back, for even short petticoats to be worn under short costumes, are flounced at the back up to the waist, thus avoiding the necessity of wearing a bustle. On the other hand, many evening dresses are made so scanty and lanky that they look "damped" to the figure, as they used to be when our grandmothers were young.

It has become almost a general custom to use some firm and stiff fabric by way of foundation, over which one, two, or more kinds of material are pleated, shirred, or draped. There are a number of different ways of doing this, but I will describe one of the latest models as a ground for home dressmaking First place a skirt-front of figured material, framed in on each side with a drapery, the pleats of which are lengthwise, of the self-colored fabric. Next comes, on each side, a similar drapery of figured tissue; and, lastly, the back-widths, self-colored, draped up into a tournure. The bodice is also self-colored, but opens over a pleated plastron of the figured material; the trimmings upon the elbow-sleeves are also figured; flutings from two to five in number are put on round the front of the skirt upon the foundation material, so as to simulate an underskirt, while the draperies appear to form a tunic.

New parasols are somewhat larger than those of last summer, and are made of satin merveilleux, surah, or brocaded satin. The novelty of the season in shape is the square parasol with eight gores, four of which are narrow, and form corners. The Japanese shapes re-appear, but are not so flat as those of last summer. Spanish lace and fringe are the trimmings most used. Borders of bayadere satin, or else of plaid satin are seen on many of the dark colored parasols; instead of bordering the outer edges, this gay band is sometimes round the middle of the parasol. Gingham parasols are of the striped blue, pink, and white Scotch ginghams to match dresses, and plaid ginghams are also used.

Fireside Chat.

CHIMNEY PIECE HANGINGS.

WHEN the chimney piece is a work of art in marble or wood, or even a simple shelf of a pleasant color, it is better without any hanging; but when it is ugly, mean, or pretentious, of gloomy black, chilly white, or unsympathetic grey marble, or of uninteresting stone, it is greatly improved by a hanging, which should be made very pleasant to the eye by well-arranged embroidery

The fireplace being the part of the room where for most of the year our leisure hours are spent and our affections chiefly concentrated, this hanging needs the most careful planning and the most precise workmanship. The way in which the light falls on it by day must be taken into account; also the objects to be placed on or over the shelf, and the size of the room, which, if it be small, the hanging is likely to diminish.

The colors of the rest of the room should be considered, but this is the place for an interesting variety of ornament or an emphasizing of other effects rather than for tiresome repetition.

For this purpose it is a good plan to have the ground color neither light nor dark. These middle tints are much neglected in ordinary decoration, whence the obtrusive and worrying effect of much modern needlework, done with crewels, but not with art. It may not be quite so easy to arrange the colors of the ornament well on this middle tint, for unity and harmony of effect are often secured by making every piece of ornament tell, dark on light, or light on dark, which is not easy when many colors and shades are used on a ground of a medium shade; but it can be done, and the difficulty once overcome, the result will be a very happy one.

We must remember that for an object at which we shall constantly look in moments of repose, a gentle gradation of tone and quiet harmony of color will have a more restful effect than cutting contrasts.

The repose we desire will be better secured by a repeated and conventional pattern than by the exciting variety of a wreath of mixed flowers so naturally treated that every one is different, and requires a big effort of the mind to comprehend it.

Among the most successful-chimney-piece hangings we have seen are conventional patterns of one color in silk on a ground of darker shade; some are upright groups of flowers springing from a base line; others are running patterns of flower branches, going each way from the centre where the ends cross, or are tied with a ribbon knot, carefully drawn

One of the latter is in yellow silks, on velvet of a deep gold color Gold braid and thread look very well on the same velvet; the pattern should be a stiff one; an arrangement of circles looks well.

If the chimney-piece be a long one, it is better to have a centre to the pattern with the ornament running each way; if, on the contrary, a wider appearance be desired, the pattern should be continuous. The hanging should not be too deep, and the width of the pattern should be proportioned to it. Cords, fringes or braids for finishing should be sparingly used.

An edge of deep button-hole stitches in one or more of the silks used for the work will often make a good and sufficient edge. If two or more silks are used, work the first color in stitches some distance from each other, and then place between them the stitches of another color or shade; if this be judiciously done, it will look better than the majority of stores sell.

Some prefer to let the drapery hang like a table-cloth at the corners than to have it fitted round the shelf. Often it is better still to make it just the length of the shelf, so that, fastened to the wall at the back, it hangs down in front only.

This last plan is the most becoming to the work, but it is not always practicable; if the ends of the chimney-piece project far into the room, or are much seen, they must be covered If the hanging be fitted round the shelf, and the pattern chosen be one that has a centre the ends of the pattern must not be continued round the corners of the shelf; they should be completed in the length, and a detached spray or group to correspond worked at each end.

A running pattern without a centre may be taken all round. A cinque-cento pattern will look well for this; it will be very pleasing to the eye, and will have a more thoughtful and scholarly effect.

Gold brocatelle silk, with a pattern in this style applied in crimson velvet edged with a fine cord or thick silk, or sewn down with gold twist, looks very handsome, and is quickly done.

These hangings may be effectively arranged in panels; the ground divided into squares by rows of braid or stitches, and an ornament worked in each; or panels lighter than the ground laid on, and worked with suitable designs. If each panel has a different ornament they should not differ too widely from each other, but have the same coloring, and be in a corresponding style The four squares may be very well used for this purpose, and small leaves and flowers or berries arranged all over the panels will look well.

These applied panels should be edged with a narrow ribbon lace, which may connect the panels by the upper and lower edges, so as to bring all together.

It is a good plan to have a change of these hangings; when one room is much occupied the variety is very pleasant.

Tablecloths.—If the tables for our rooms have been chosen according to the many pretty specimens in vogue now, they will not want any cloths for the improvement of their appearance, the shining or well-grained wood and the cleverly-contrived fabric being their best ornament; but for comfort in use, for work for whist or for the elder ladies' bezique, a cloth is essential

Sometimes also, if the aspect of a carefully arranged room be a little severe, a cloth or two on the little tables will give the comfortable look that is wanting

Again, many of us possess table from which we cannot be parted, yet which decline to associate on anything like friendly terms with our new purchases, or our newly-honored antiques. For all of these a well devised cloth will be useful. Very elaborate ones will not answer the above purposes; if the ornament cover the top of the table, it is liable to be injured, or the table is rendered useless.

A soft woolen material that is not very rough and will hang well, is the best. Linen and flaxen materials never look well; they slip uneasily about the table, and stick out instead of hanging down.

The decoration of little tables in drawing-rooms, with white cloths, suggestive of crumbs and a promiscuous repast, bordered with many-colored flowers in crewels that are not suggestive of ready washing, is one of the outrages that have been committed under the name of Art Needlework. Nothing is better than cloth not too highly dressed—the universally useful serges and diagonal cloths; these will take the richest as well as the simplest ornament.

Borders are the best and easiest ornaments for tablecloths, including in the term such detached ornaments as are placed at regular distances all round the cloth, for the folds in which the cloth hangs do not interrupt such an ornament disagreeably. Groups of flowers in each corner are lost if the cloth be on a square table, and too much displayed if they are worked in the middle of each side. If the covering be on a round table, a corner ornament is better seen.

A very good subject for needlework is the white cloth brought into the drawing-room with the tea-tray, and covering the whole, or part of the table. The work on these cloths must not only be of a kind that will bear constant washing, but it must look as if it would bear it; therefore many colors and crewels are not suitable.

Embroidery in white thread is in very good taste, but it is scarcely effective enough to repay the worker. Drawn work, where the ornament is made in the threads of the linen itself, is excellent for this purpose, and very easily done.

Another very good decoration is to work one of the numerous border patterns mentioned, with ingrain cotton or floss. Of the the latter, indigo-blue and yellow are the best washing colors; they will keep their color perfectly with careful washing, boiling and soda being avoided The different colored cottons in which French marking is sometimes done, will ornament these washing tablecloths very well; a little fading and softening of the colors improves them considerably. Silk, however, is the best, the sheen and texture being as great an ornament to the linen as the color.

A very happy effect has been produced by embroidery in silk of which the color was accidentally washed out, the dark blue having turned to a pale brown, which looks soft and pleasant on the white ground.

These cloths should be worked across the ends only; the sides must be hemmed, and the ends below the work frayed out and knotted into a fringe. A mark or crest will look decidedly well in the middle of the end, above the border.

Answers to Inquirers.

L. M. C. (Marlboro', Mass.)—Yes.

L. A. W. (New Madrid, Mo)—They are good in every way.

T. A. (Augusta, Ill.)—The stories are not, and will not be, published in book form.

CARRIE. (Red River, Tex)—Not at present. We have more now than we can use.

SUB, (Prairie City.)—Although they were so once to our knowledge, we do not think they are now.

SANFORD S. (Philadelphia, Pa)—The name of Gladys is supposed to be a corruption of Claudina. Walter means "a conqueror."

S. L. F. (Trenton, N. J.)—The salary of the English Archbishop of Canterbury is $75 000 per annum; that of the Archbishop of York, $50 000.

W. H. C. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Yes. The water used on the occasion of the baptism was brought from the river Jordan. The rumor you refer to was entirely unfounded.

C. K. (Cameron, Mo.)—We have made every effort to ascertain, but have not found the recipe. We will not forget your request however, and should we meet it will publish it.

J. E. D. (Henry, Ind.)—1. The address of the paper is New York City. 2. We know nothing of the club, but it is very probably a humbug. If any outlay of money—no matter how slight—is asked as a condition of membership, have nothing to do with it.

PIANO, (Chicago, Ill.)—In music, the Rondo generally consists of three strains, the first of which closes in the original key, whilst each of the others is so constructed in its modulation as to re-conduct the ear, in an easy and natural manner, to the first strain.

H. H. B. (Frankford, Ky.)—Water holds solids in solution, and separates itself from them by evaporation. Thus the saline particles of sea water remain in the ocean, and render the river water which flows into it, and the rain which descends, of equal density with it

H. W. G. (Grovetown, Ga.)—The article is only a toy, but as such is well worth what is asked for it. It might serve to produce music of the quality and range of an accordion, but nothing more. Still, as a sort of primer to be learned in view of one day having something better to study, you might purchase one with profit and satisfaction.

SUBSCRIBER. (Willerville Tex.)—"Card Collectors" are those who collect the fancily printed colored cards of business firms, and pasting them in albums or books got up for the purpose, make a very pretty and entertaining household ornament. The business houses issue them as advertisements, and give them to their customers.

L. W. C. (Frankfort, Mich.)—You might write to "Lindsay & Baker, Booksellers, Walnut, below 9th, Philadelphia, Pa.," giving the fullest particulars of the volume, and enclosing stamp for reply. We think we remember your former inquiry, and said then it was our impression that the work, on account of its moderness, would hardly be likely to have much value. Still there is no harm in trying.

DOROTHY, (Chester, Pa.)—You do not stop far short of being extremely foolish. The best love philtre that we know of is a natural one, and every young woman may use it if she feels inclined. It is composed of twenty parts of modesty, twenty parts of neatness, twenty parts of industry, twenty parts of prudence, and twenty parts of attractiveness. If these are properly compounded and used skilfully, no young man can for long withstand them.

E. E. (Chicago, Ill.)—Women of tact, or perhaps we may say women who have had more experience of the world than yourself, would have just "dropped a line" to their lovers or admirers, who had solicited the privilege of writing, informing them of their safe arrival at their destination. If the gentleman was sincere in his wish, he would be bound to reply to it, and thus the wished-for correspondence would have begun. You have missed the opportunity, and must now await the course of your admirer's passion or pleasure.

STEADFAST, (Norristown Pa.)—Ribera was a painter of the sixteenth century, being born in Spain in 1589. At the age of sixteen he went to Naples, and became a pupil of Michael Angelo. Under the latter he made such rapid progress that, at the age of twenty, he was considered an accomplished master. At Naples he executed many works for the King of Spain. He died at Naples in 1656 Like his master, his style was characterized by broad lights and shades. The Spasms of Ixion, St. Bartholomew under the Butcher's Knife, the Torments of Sisyphus, Tantalus and Prometheus, Laocoon and his Sons Attacked by Serpents, were his most favored subjects His principal pictures are in the Royal Museum at Madrid, in the Escurial, and at Naples.

LOTTIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The old Roman law "Lex Juli" had for its object the encouragement of marriage and the enriching of the treasury It was enacted B. C. 18. By this law various penalties were imposed on those who lived in a state of celibacy after a certain age. An unmarried person could not take a legacy, but if a person was unmarried at the time of the testator's death and was not otherwise disqualified, he might take the legacy if he obeyed the law within one hundred days, that is, if he married within that time If he did not comply with the law the gift went to his heirs and legatees, or was forfeited and went into the public treasury By another law on the subject, a candidate who had several children was preferred to one who had fewer. Freedmen who had a certain number of children were freed.

EVELYN, (Boston, Mass.)—What would love and courtship be worth, for example, were they to be one everlasting dose of honey without the least touch of alleviating and correcting acidity? Honey will itself turn sour and rancid at last, and then it is disgusting stuff It may be that a couple of absolutely stupid lovers could, and would, go through a dull, prosy courtship, without a single agitation to keep it from stagnation and putrescence; but do not, unless you also desire to be regarded a stupid, attempt to imitate them. Yet, although you cannot attain to perfect love without continually experiencing pain, it is not necessary in order to experience the latter to pick quarrels with your lover. On the contrary, do everything you can to please him, and when you have done this you need have no fear of your love growing insipid for lack of the misery necessary to give it a relish. Apples of discord are not so scarce.

A. D. B. (Allen, Ky.)—If a gentleman attends a young lady to a party, he is under obligations to particularly pay attention to her throughout the evening. He should of course do what he can for the general entertainment, but she must under no circumstances be neglected. He is bound by the laws of good breeding to engage in whatever amusements take place, supposing he accepted the invitation knowing games were to be indulged in. Otherwise, if he has conscientious scruples about the propriety of dancing, etc., he is entitled to an excuse. The question, therefore, turns on this: If he knew there were to be games he was bound to take part in them or not go. If he did not know, he had the right to decline. As to the kissing part, we can only regret his lack of taste in neglecting to make the most of his opportunities. Such a spirit is as rare as it is untimely. 2 Greeley's majority in Kentucky over Grant was 11,[illegible].

S. W. L. (Butler, Ill.)—There is no proper age, so far as concerns a particular year We think, however, from twenty five to thirty five the best age for a man, and from twenty one to twenty-seven the best for a woman. There is nothing, however, in these ages that ensures happiness any more than marriages at an earlier or later period. Only the chances are, in our opinion, better then than at any other. 2. We cannot tell you how many telegraph offices there are in the United States, but we would not be surprised if it was forty or fifty thousand The wages of operators are good—seventy five dollars might be the average per month. 3. About [illegible],000 miles. 4. Say: May I have the pleasure of accompanying you home? This is the idea, and you may put it in any words you choose. 5. Perhaps it depends upon circumstances whether the young man is justified in writing to the lady without asking permission. If he has business with her, let him write, whether stranger or acquaintance. If he writes as a lover, it is best to get consent to a correspondence, and thus escape the charge of impertinence Since, however, the lady has the right to decline answering such letters as she deems out of place, there is nothing improper in the gentleman assuming the privilege to write, whether he has asked consent or not. If he is a friend, this assumption seems almost a right. 6. Your handwriting is clear and easily read, but as yet unformed We mean by this, the more you practice the better you will become. But you must pay more attention to capitalization. In your note you cap some words that should not be written so, and omit capping others that call for it, as "United States."